

The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

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OCTOBER, 1921

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Effective October 1, 1921

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For Price List of Flags See Page 35

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Mail all Orders to

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- Girl Scout Bronze Cuff Links given for 5 subscriptions
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- First Aid Kit, complete (metal box), given for 9 subscriptions
- Girl Scout Bugle given for 10 subscriptions

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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We have been requested to make a strong appeal to all troops to help us to protect the Thanks Badge.

In the May number we explained the poor results of giving it so indiscriminately inside the organization. The Thanks Badge was not intended for this purpose. It is intended for friends outside of Scouting who have helped us or for special services rendered by those of us inside the organization. If these services would be recognized as valuable and remarkable by anybody, anywhere, Headquarters is always delighted to approve. But simply because a troop loves a popular captain, there is no reason for giving her this badge.

We are so fortunate as to have hundreds and hundreds of popular Captains. Their girls love them and they know it. But it is getting so

that the Thanks Badge is a part of a Captain's regular uniform! Very soon any Captain who hasn't one is going to feel slighted, if the custom of giving them keeps up. Now this would be a pity, because the Thanks Badge isn't really a Captain's decoration, at all. And yet some Captains are wearing two and three of them. At that rate, there seems to be no reason why a good Patrol Leader shouldn't have one—and then all the other good Patrol Leaders will want one, too!

Now girls, we don't mean to be unreasonable and rigid about this matter. There is no rule without its wise exceptions. If you have any real reason for feeling that your particular Captain deserves a Thanks Badge, you ought to be able to explain it intelligently and convincingly to Headquarters. But just because she's been a good Captain and a good Scout and you love her, is not that reason. It weakens the Badge, for Scouting purposes, to confer it in this way.

So think twice before you act!



It seems rather funny to be thinking about Christmas before the leaves have fairly be-

gun to turn, but—"Be Prepared." This is the motto of the Scouts and therefore the motto of THE AMERICAN GIRL. We have to make up the magazine far ahead, and we want to hear by November 1st from every troop in the country that has a good Christmas scheme. What are you going to do for somebody else this Christmas? This is the great good-will-to-men time of the year, and all Scouts everywhere love to respond to it.

There are dozens of special gifts, special services, special team-work, that a clever troop can think up, which will be doubly gracious and doubly appreciated at Christmas time. Think about it now and tell us what you plan to do.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Captains, under Councils, must send all orders for applications and registrations through the Local Council.

When paying registration fees for the Scouts be sure to send in the names of the girls. At the time the registration or re-registration of the troop is made it is necessary for the captain and lieutenant to include their fees also.

BE PREPARED FOR GIRL SCOUT THRIFT WEEK

October 16th to 24th

Instead of a drive for funds, as we had last year, the National Finance Committee has selected the week of October 16th to 24th as *Girl Scout Thrift Week*. This is the chance for every Girl Scout to earn or save money for the extension of Scouting. This means, to do some piece of work and give the proceeds of your earnings. It does not mean to ask someone for a contribution, only the officers and Council members may do that. Girl Scouts should always remember that a Girl Scout never begs.

Girl Scouts under Local Councils will, of course, fall in line with the plans made by the Local Council. Girl Scouts, not under Local Councils, should put their savings or earnings in their troop treasury. [The troop may then send their contribution for the spreading of the movement to the National Treasurer, Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Let's all work together!

Anne Hyde Choate

ATTENTION, CAPTAINS!

If a captain, who already has a troop, wishes to form a new troop she must send in a formal application in order that she may be properly recorded at National Headquarters. No additional fee is required. It is necessary to have a record of a captain for each troop.

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THE CLASS MARSHAL

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated By Thelma Gooch

MARGARET HAMMON! Margaret Hammon!" As neither of the sleeping girls stirred, the group in the doorway looked at one another with uncertainty. "Margaret Hammon, wake up! We want to take you on a little ride."

Only then was there any signs of movement. The occupant of one of the beds rolled over and blinked at the visitors. Then as she recognized among the crowd Peggy Brinker, Sophomore vice-president, she sat up abruptly. "All right," she answered, "only don't make any noise to wake up Gladys," she motioned toward her twin sister who still slept on.

"Well, hurry and dress, then." They knew that she could not escape them, since there was no way of reaching the ground two stories below, except by the outside stairs; but they were dealing with "one of those Hammon Twins" and would take no chances, so withdrawing just outside the door, they kept an eye on the girl as she threw on her clothes.

And she, as she dressed, knew what they were planning. All the Freshman class officers had been warned the night before to slip out of Natick College early in the morning and make their way to Boston in order to elude the Sophomores and attend the Freshman banquet. But the wily members of 1923 had acted first.

"Hurry, in there!" cried one of the impatient guards. "We have to get back for first hour classes."

She went out, closing behind her the door of the bedroom. "All right. Just let me leave a note for my sister."

She scribbled a few words, and Peg Brinker, to guard against some trickery, read the words. "Morning, Gladys. I'm going out with some of my Sophomore friends." Then, pausing only long enough to scrawl a "Marg" at the bottom, she went with them.

Quietly they passed down the stairs and out of Pomeroy Cottage to the campus. The day was just beginning, one of those cold, crisp autumn mornings of Massachusetts.

Before they had gone very far they met another group and whooped

with joy when they recognized Carol Jennings, the Freshman president, a captive in its midst.

"Well, Class Marshal," jibed one of them, "why don't you salute your president? A wonderful banquet you'll have for we've captured every one of your class officers. Now, what do you think of the Sophomore Class? Not so slow, eh?"

But the Freshman did not reply. Trying to live up to her reputation for quick-wittedness, she was searching for an opportunity of getting

Did you ever realize the advantages of having twin sisters in your class at college? This story tells how they saved the glory of the Freshmen Class the day of the banquet.

away. An auto, rolling up before them, put an end to her hopes, for they were bundled into it, and with a number of their captors to guard them they were soon speeding in a direction away from Boston.

Never having been around the country in her few months of college life, the Hammon Twin soon lost her sense of direction. And at the end of about half an hour it stopped before a ramshackle three-story house set somewhat back from the road in a sheltering clump of willows, some of which arched above the roof.

The Sophomores seemed to know their way around. They went inside, pushing the door open. The building was evidently deserted, for the floor was warped and broken and most of the bannister railing was missing.

As they reached the hall on the second floor and started up toward the third floor, more signs of desolation greeted them. The panes were broken in the windows and the wallpaper, hanging in tatters from the ceiling, swayed in the currents of air that found their way in.

The procession stopped before a room on the top floor.

"Here you are, Freshman," Peggy

Brinker exclaimed, hospitably. "You are to be the guests of 1923 for the day. And I'll be here to look after you. The rest of the girls have a few classes, but they'll be back toward night."

"But I have classes, too," Carol expostulated.

"Never mind. You can make up your work, I'm sure, and a day in the country will do you good."

The Sophomore vice-president said something to one of the party and a basket was produced and placed upon the table. Then, before the Freshmen knew what was happening, the Sophomore withdrew quickly and the key was turned in the door.

"Enjoy yourselves, children," cried a mocking voice. "You'll have a good breakfast and lunch, and we'll be back for supper. You'll have a better time with us than where your classmates are to have a banquet without a single class officer present!" Then the Sophomores clattered down the stairs.

Left to themselves, the two girls looked about disconsolately. Two chairs and a table comprised all the furniture in that carpetless room. Carol slumped down and dabbed viciously at her eyes. "Oh, Margaret, why didn't you do something? Why didn't you try to get away?"

The other Freshman was exploring the contents of the basket. "Too many of them! But they're not going to let us starve." She lifted out a pile of sandwiches, deviled eggs, a bottle of olives, several pieces of chocolate cake, and some peaches. "And they even put in a couple of books for us. Thoughtful, aren't they?"

"But I want to go to the banquet," Carol mourned. "And it starts at half-past five."

"That's a long time from now. Most anything might happen. Don't give up hope yet. But I do wish I knew where we are." With a sandwich in her hand she strolled over to the window.

The ground looked a long distance away, and except around the auto down by the gate into which the girls were climbing, not a person was in sight. Not even a house was visible. The girls, too, soon depart-

ed with a roar and honking of horn, leaving the Freshmen behind.

"Come on, Carol. Try something." She tried to cheer her classmate. "You'll have to eat if you're going to do all that's before you."

Magic words! The Freshman President jumped up and caught her arm. "Have you a plan? Can we really get away?"

"I don't know yet. I'm not promising." She knelt at the keyhole. "If we had pincers we could. They've left the key in the door."

"Maybe there's some here." With more animation than she had thus far displayed, Carol ran to the table and opened the drawer. But except for a pill bottle that rolled back and forth, there was nothing in it. However, she had some encouragement now, and finally roused enough to nibble at a sandwich, and then bent her energies toward extracting the cork of the olive bottle with a hairpin.

After they had eaten, Carol picked up one of the books. "Have you read this, Twinnie?" she asked, pushing it toward her companion in misery. "It's terribly exciting."

The girl looked at the cover, then opened to the first page, and finally settled down to read it while Carol skimmed through another novel.

How long they had been reading neither of them knew, when suddenly both were roused by the sound of an automobile horn. "There's somebody!" cried the Hammon Twin, rushing to the window. Carol followed behind her just in time to see two clouds of dust curling up behind a couple of touring cars. But vain were all their yells. The road was too far away, and the automobiles made too much noise.

The only result of their outcry was to bring their guard running up the stairs. She rattled on the knob of their door. "What's the matter with you in there?" she demanded.

Before Carol could enunciate the words she was going to say, the other Freshman spoke. "Nothing, except that we don't want to talk to you. You're responsible for my missing my classes today and if I flunk them and don't graduate it's all your fault." She made a sniffing sound suspiciously like a sob, but Carol, turning to look at her, was met by a grin and a broad wink.

"Don't worry about that. They caught our President last year, but the teachers were easy on her."

The reply met with stony silence. After a moment or two of waiting, she descended the stairs and they were alone to settle down to their books.

Finally the Freshman President snapped shut her novel. "This isn't interesting and I want to do something."

"All right. Eat. There's the basket."

"But—how are we going to get out? Why can't you think of something?"

Without answering, the Hammon Twin approached the window, and, lowering the top sash, thrust out her head and looked around. "I have thought of something—of a dozen things—but I don't like the idea. I was wondering about the possibilities of getting out of this window and crawling along the roof, but it's too steep. I'm afraid to."

"Can't you jump into that tree outside then?" Carol also went closer to the window.

"Until those autos passed, I really didn't believe it was worth while to try, and beside, I had hoped that the girls would hunt us up before this but—Oh, about that tree? I can't reach it. I've been trying to think of some good stunt. There must be some obvious way if only—" Then she clapped her hands. "Say, you haven't some string about you, or something?"

"No I haven't. But there may be some in that basket. Why?"

"There isn't. I looked in there long ago. Yes, that's the best plan, and the safest. Find me some string."

"But I haven't any, Margaret."

"I must get some. Unravel your stocking."

"But—but—why don't you do it?"

"Because I—." She whispered three words which made her companion look at her with curiosity.

"You don't?" she gasped. "You—Oh, I see. All right." Soon she held out a long black thread. "It's silk. It ought to be strong; but what's it for?"

"You'll see. Get me something to tie on the end, a pencil or a cork."

The olive bottle provided the latter.

"Now, I'll show you. I'm going to throw this cork over the limb of that willow above us and draw it down. Then I'll catch hold and swing down. You know those trees are very springy and strong. It will swing me to where I can catch hold of those other thicker limbs."

But if that was her plan, she could not make the cork go where she aimed it. "Where's something heavier?" she demanded after several attempts. "I know—that pill bottle."

At the second trial, the thread

dropped over a twig and she eased it along over the branch until the other end of it was again in her hand. Then she threw the bottle up again, and soon had the limb fastened by four threads of silk.

"All right here I go. I'll be back to open that door for you." She leaned out, sitting on the edge of the sash.

"But suppose the girl sees you?"

"Who? That little Sophomore Vice-president? She won't bother me."

"Well, be careful, Twinnie."

"All right. For your sake, I'll be careful." Steadying herself, she began pulling slowly on the thread and as slowly the branch bent down. The tip of one finger touched it, then a whole hand, and she began working her grasp along until she had a firm grip where the limb was about an inch thick. "Here we go!" she swung off.

There was a sudden terrifying leap and the crackling of branches, but as she dropped she caught hold of a larger branch, checked her fall by it, and slid safely to the ground where she waved to reassure the girl at the window. Then she disappeared in the direction of the house.

Almost before Carol reached the door, the key clicked softly and the door opened. There stood the other Freshman, her finger to her lips.

"Sh—sh!" she warned. "I've got a wonderful scheme."

They came inside and closed the door of their former prison. "Now we'll capture that Sophomore and leave here in here for the others to find. Just bang on the floor and yell as loud as we can. Then we'll hide in that room across the hall till she comes up."

And the plan worked like magic. Before the Sophomore guard knew what was happening, even while she stood before the door and tried to talk to them, they leaped at her from behind, threw open the door, and locked her inside the room where they had been.

"There's enough food for you in the basket," the happy Freshman called in. "And your friends will let you out," Carol added.

That gave her companion a terrifying thought. "Suppose they get back here before we escape. I wonder how late it is." Aloud she called to the prisoner. "Do you know what time it is?"

There was a satisfied chuckle. "Late enough so that you'll miss your party, infants. Whoever heard of a class banquet without any off-



She began pulling slowly on the thread and slowly the branch bent down.

cers present!" And that was the only satisfaction they could get out of her.

Nobody was in sight when they reached the road. The Hammon Twin picked up a blue-bordered handkerchief from the dust. "I hoped they would come after us, and I dropped this when we were getting out of the car. But I guess we'll have to walk."

"I don't believe it is much after four o'clock," Carol decided after a look at the sun. "Maybe we could walk to a trolley or railroad or something. Got any money, Twinnie?"

"No, and I don't know which way the trolleys are."

"Well, let's start this way. We won't run into the girls and we ought to find a farm-house somewhere along."

"All right. But I figure that if two autos came along this road, another one ought to."

And they had not walked for more than a few minutes before they saw one coming toward them. It was too small to be the one the Sophomores had come in. And as it came nearer, they saw that a man was driving it. The two Freshmen ran into the road, waving their arms until the car slowed down and stopped.

"Is this the way to Boston?" Carol asked, motioning in the direction they were going.

"Well, you might get there that way but you'd have to go round the world first."

"Then will you take us to Boston?" her companion put in her entreaty. "We'll pay you for it. We're

college girls stranded out here with a class banquet going on in the city."

The man laughed. "Sure, I'll take you, but I don't want any pay for it. I remember what class banquets used to mean when I was in college. Pile in. There's lots of room for two. I've often carried three passengers beside myself."

The Hammon Twin had a hunch. "There's another girl along the road who ought to attend. Will you stop for her? She may not want to come at first, but I think she can be persuaded."

Again that infectious laugh of the man. "A visitor, is she? We used to have them, too, and feed them bread and water."

Willingly he stopped at their late prison and the two Freshmen soon came back escorting the Sophomore Vice-president. Since both her captors were bigger than she, she came with little resistance.

The clock in the auto marked quarter after five, and the man said that they had about thirty miles to go to get to Boston. But whether he speeded or whether his clock was wrong, just as the chimes were striking six they drew up at their hotel. There they thanked him gratefully and waved back as the revolving door closed upon them.

What a cheer arose as the Freshmen saw Carol Jennings come in! She ordered a separate table for their Sophomore guest and had a glass of water and two crackers put on it for her banquet. Then, before the Freshman president took her place at the head of the table, she told the whole story of their capture and how they had outwitted their rival class.

It was more than the Sophomore could stand. "Well, we made you have half your banquet without a single class officer, anyway!"

A chorus of laughter drowned her out. "Oh, no, you didn't. We had our Class Marshal!"

"You had—?" Peggy Brinker looked at the girl who had been with her all day. A suspicion began to dawn upon her.

"Aren't you the Class Marshal?" she demanded.

And the Hammon Twin dirty as she was from climbing around trees and tramping through dusty roads, shook her head. "Oh, no, I'm not Margaret. Did you think I was the Marshal? I'm not. I'm only her twin sister."

THE END

The Camp at Gravel Point



By Clara Ingram Judson

Illustrated by Joseph Franke

READ THIS FIRST

Martha Harding, a senior at Grant High, is one of the most popular girls at school. But popularity is not always fun, as Martha had found to her sorrow. Freshmen, such as Polly Lewis, can make even the happiest girl miserable with silly notes, candy and adoration.

The members of the Senior Honor Society, the R. D. girls, Martha, Margy, Nan, Peggy and Leslie Garrison, are introduced to a new girl, Jacqueline Palmer, by the dean, Miss Darrow. Jack learns of Polly's infatuation for Martha and volunteers to help cure her by having her join the Girl Scouts.

The other girls have never heard of Scouting so she takes them to visit a troop meeting. They form a troop, themselves, soon afterwards, with two patrols; the Crocus, made up of the senior and junior girls—and the Oak, the sophomore and freshmen girls. And then the fun begins.

CHAPTER XIV

The Big Idea

TWO weeks of comparative quiet followed the meet. Days were filled with tests—departmental and otherwise—and with regular activities and it wasn't until Thursday of the second week that something interesting happened.

That Thursday was a beautiful spring day. The air was warm and balmy and the cold of Chicago's spring seemed to have departed—at least for the day.

After the regular meeting of the Scouts, the girls loitered, lazily as they started home. They well knew that lessons awaited their homcoming—and who's in a hurry for lessons when the out-of-doors calls?

"I wish we never had to go in!" sighed Peggy. "I wish they'd have school outdoors and have nothing but lessons I liked to do."

"While you're wishing, why have

any lessons at all?" laughed Nan. "I wouldn't."

"If it wasn't for those old comprehensive exams I wouldn't either," retorted Margy, "but with those staring me in the face, yours truly has got to study."

"Don't you dare say exams to me on a day like this!" exclaimed Peggy, "don't I have to take 'em, too?" Several of the girls planned to go to Eastern colleges and of course had to take the comprehensive entrance examinations the latter part of June—no easy task, as the girls who took them the year before assured the seniors.

"I'll wager we'll be about dead when they're over," suggested Margy cheerfully. "Girls," she added, "what are you going to do this summer?"

"Don't know," replied Phyllis, "until this week it's been so cold, we haven't talked of plans."

"I wish I could go to a camp," said Nan longingly. "Here I am a senior, most through school and never been to a camp. Mother thinks they're all so far away."

"Wouldn't it be fun," suggested Peggy, "if we could camp together! We ought to be able to hear of some place to go."

"Oh, girls," suggested Leslie, "why don't we Girl Scouts have a camp of our own."

"Why don't we?" exclaimed Margy. "But where'd we go?"

"And what'd we live in if we went?" asked Nan.

"And how long would our fond parents let us stay down there in the wilds," questioned Peggy.

"How you overwhelm me with enthusiasm!" exclaimed Leslie sarcastically. "All the same we would have loads of fun if we could find a place to go and if Miss Shaw and Miss Gilbert could go with us."

"And live in tents and cook our own food—oh girls!" exclaimed Peggy. "Let's do it! Sure we can."

By this time they had walked the two blocks to Margy's home and there they sat on her front steps, day dreaming about the fun they might have—if they only knew where they could have a camp of their own.

Suddenly Martha sat up very straight and exclaimed, "Girls! I have an idea!"

"For Heaven's sake catch it quickly!" replied Margy, "isn't often I get so close to a real one!"

"Marg, if you tease and make her forget it now," threatened Peggy.

But Martha was too absorbed in her idea to care about what was said.

"You know my Uncle Art's farm out near Wheaton?" she asked, and the girls nodded.

Many a time had she told them of the delights of visiting her uncle, of the lovely wood, a perfect tennis court and lovely gardens on her favorite uncle's summer place.

"Well," continued Martha, "on his place is a big gravel lot—oh awfully big, and just full of lovely daisies and hazelnut bushes and trees and everything."

"Then where's the gravel?" interrupted Tips.

"Shut up," cried Margy, "who wants the old gravel anyway? I think maybe Martha really has an idea."

"The gravel's in a pit at the side of the gravel lot—that is, as much of the gravel as isn't sold and hauled away, you know. And on this gravel lot—the pretty part, of course, Uncle Art let the Boy Scouts have a camp last year. And he furnished the tents and the board floors—Uncle Art's crazy about Boy Scouts."

"Does he know there's such a thing as Girl Scouts?" asked Peggy.

"Probably not," replied Martha, "you know we didn't ourselves till

Jack told us."

"Well," suggested Nan, "why don't you tell him?"

"And tell him what charming girls we are," added Leslie, modestly, "and that we want to camp terribly."

"We don't, either," retorted Nan, primly, "if you tell him we camp terribly, he'll never let us on the place. But if you want to tell him we terribly want to camp—"

"Prims, prunes and preciseness," twitted Leslie, "aren't we the perfect grammarian though. Go ahead and tell what you like, Martie, only make it sound well."

"Say, honestly, Martie, do you suppose we could camp there?" asked Jack, "you haven't an idea what fun a Girl Scout camp can be. I always wanted to go to the one near Desplaines, but of course we're awfully late asking to go for this year. But if we could have one, just of our own, and learn to camp and everything—Oh, it would be marvelous!"

"Do you suppose Miss Shaw would go along?" asked Martha.

"I'll bet she would," said Margy, "she's always ready for fun."

"There she is," cried Tips as she spied Miss Shaw turning into her home some distance down the street, "and there are the Oak girls taking her home. Let's run and ask 'em." so eight girls dashed madly down the street.

Miss Shaw thought it was a fine idea.

"If your uncle has a suitable place, and if he would let us come and if your parents were all willing," she said laughingly, "I don't see any objection."

"Then I'll write Uncle Art tonight and see what he says," said Martha. "No, I won't, either," she added impulsively, "I'll telephone him the minute I get home. It'll not cost much and then we'll know."

"When'll you tell him we can come," asked Peggy.

"Yes; he may ask that," replied Miss Shaw. "How many of you girls take comprehensives—five? And those begin the 19th of June. Then better say the last Tuesday in June, and that would get us through just in time for the fourth. You know families start going away then and we couldn't count on girls so well."

Martha, accompanied by Nan and Peggy, hurried home to do her telephoning. Fortunately, her uncle was at home to talk to, and she could tell him all about what she wanted.

"Girl Scouts, are you? Well, if it's anything like Boy Scouting I like it," he said promptly.

That gave Martha a chance to tell

him about what they were learning and doing and how much they wanted to go into camp, so that they might learn more of woods lore.

"Then you shall do that very thing," said her uncle. "Come any time you like and we'll have the place ready. [That is, we'll get it as ready as we do for the boys, and we'll see what sort of Scouts girls make.]"

"Can we come the last Tuesday in June and stay a week?" asked Martha. She could hardly believe her good luck and she wanted to make sure that she heard rightly.

"I'm marking you down on the calendar for then," said Uncle Art. "Now you'd better appoint a committee to come out here and inspect the place so you will know just what you need to bring and how the land lies. [They can come out some Saturday.]"

The word fairly flew from one Scout to another after that, and by the next morning every one of the sixteen girls knew about the proposed camp and was eager to help make plans. Of course they wanted to call an extra meeting at once, but Miss Shaw reminded them that there was really plenty of time and that they could make still better plans after they had had six days to think and talk over the idea.

The thrills of the annual tennis tournament paled when compared with the fun of planning for camp and only Miss Shaw's reminder that Girl Scouts must put business, which in this case was study before pleasure made them settle down to lessons.

At the regular meeting the next Thursday there was a hubbub of talk the minute the inspection and drill were over. Such fun as it was to plan! Martha, Betty and Miss Shaw were to go out to Mr. Welles's summer home Saturday of the following week and see just what equipment he could have for them.

"I know he has two big tents," said Martha, "because I saw them when the Boy Scouts were there. And they pitched them under lovely big oak trees."

"Then perhaps each patrol could have one for sleeping quarters," suggested Miss Shaw, "and we could eat out of doors."

"That's just what they did last year," said Martha, "and for rainy days they stretched a flap out from one tent."

"And where did they cook?" asked Peggy.

"On an open fire," replied Martha.

"Oh, goody," exclaimed Peggy. "I'm so glad I'm going."

"That reminds me," said Miss

Shaw, "I think you girls should work for cooking proficiency from now on because if you are to cook all the food you eat in camp, or nearly all of it, you will want to have some training. You have over six weeks now before camp, and if you really want to learn, you can acquire a lot of knowledge about cooking in that time."

"And we'll have to buy all our own food," said Martha, "commisary work, the boys called it. They had a perfectly awful time at first, Bill said, because they had all bread and meat and no salt or sugar or anything else but bread and meat the first two days."

"There's work for you!" exclaimed Miss Shaw, "and if Martha suggests anything more, I'll have to postpone the camp till you learn enough to have one," she threatened laughingly.

The girls took hold of camp preparation with their usual enthusiasm and efficiency.

Martha was appointed to have charge of buying and it was her place to appoint sides and to see that they studied buying, menu making and accounting. Jack was to look up the amount of bedding needed, and to get assistants and to see that she secured enough for use.

Phyllis, who had something of a reputation as a cook, was to choose helpers and to see that they had training enough to protect the appetites of hungry campers from starvation.

"But what'll we do!" exclaimed Polly, "there's nothing left for the Oak Patrol!"

"Aren't we grabby," exclaimed Margy, contritely, when she saw that the older girls had thoughtlessly taken all the best jobs.

"We can get helpers from the Oaks," suggested Nan.

"I know a better way than that," said Martha. "Each patrol appoint cooks and buyers and housekeepers and then work on alternative days during camp. Then we can see who are the best."

"Yes, but could the buyers work that way?" asked Miss Gilbert.

"The two sets of buyers could work together," suggested Miss Shaw. "And in the weeks before camp, each patrol can appoint buyers and they can study out what they think we shall need. Then the best list submitted, by vote of the troop, will determine which troop is head buyer."

"That's the idea," approved Margy, "and then to get in camp, we can vote from day to day and see who's best cook. I want the job of taster!"

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Tips with

a sigh of bliss, "aren't we going to have fun!"

And the happy faces of the girls showed that the prediction was unanimous.

CHAPTER XV

The Golden Opportunity

WHEN Peggy reached home that afternoon after Scout meeting she found opportunity awaiting her just inside the door. For at that particular spot her mother greeted her, telegram in hand and a woe-begone face.

"Peggy, dear," she exclaimed tragically, "whatever shall we do?"

"What about?" asked Peggy, "anybody sick or what's the matter?"

"Aunt Ellen's sick and has been taken to the hospital and I have to go this very evening to look after the children and I can't be back before the first of the week."

"That's too bad, mother," said Peggy regretfully, "and we'll miss you a lot."

"You will, indeed," replied Mrs. Loring, ominously, "for that isn't all. Katie (referring to the maid who had been with them for a year) had a message, too, from her sister in Elgin and the two children are down with the measles and she had to have help. So Katie has already gone and I'm going. You can go out for dinners—I suppose you'll have to, but you know your father hates that—and whatever you'll do over Sunday I'm sure I don't know!"

Much to Mrs. Loring's amazement Peggy didn't look the least despairing. Instead she threw her arms around her mother and exclaimed, "Such luck; Such beautiful luck I never did expect to have. Now I can learn!"

"Learn what?" asked Mrs. Loring.

"Learn to cook," replied Peggy.

"Yes, with nobody to teach you," laughed Mrs. Loring, "do be sensible, Peggy, I have so much to think about—I ought to be getting off this very minute, for I have to go to the station immediately after dinner."

"You tend to your packing and everything and don't worry a minute about father and me," said Peggy, comfortably. "I'll call up Phil and tell her about it. You won't mind if Phil and Martie and Nan come over for the week end will you, mother? You know you've been promising me they could come soon only Katie doesn't like company."

"Yes, dear child, I know," said Mrs. Loring, "but you don't seem to understand it very well to have guests, but what will they eat?"

"Food," replied Peggy, promptly.

"Cooked by whom?" asked Mrs. Loring.

"We girls," said Peggy. "You see, mother," she added reassuringly, "Phil's a splendid cook—or at any rate she can cook some—"

"That's more than the rest of you can," interrupted Mrs. Loring.

"We're going to learn," Peggy replied hopefully. "Phil knows a lot. She can be head cook and teach us."

"But there isn't enough in the house to cook," objected Mrs. Loring.

"All the better," said optimistic Peggy. "We can buy it and we want to learn that, too. You tell us how much money we can spend—Martie says you always must know how much you want to spend before you begin to buy so you can plan—and then we'll buy everything and cook it and clean up and all—just as nicely as Katie does, you'll see, mother. That is, if the girls can come."

And Peggy hurried away to the telephone where she easily secured gleeful acceptances from three delighted girls.

"Of course we're sorry somebody's sick," added Martha, politely, as she agreed to come, "but did you ever hear of such good luck?"

After school the next afternoon, three girls deposited over-night bags and books in Peggy's pretty room and then sat down to the serious business of feeding a family.

Peggy showed the money her mother left. "And she said we could charge if we didn't have enough."

"We'll not charge," said Martha, positively, "it's a very bad habit for young housekeepers. I read that in a book. We'll live on our income—that's the money Mrs. Loring left. Now what shall we have to eat?"

"Chocolate cake and ice-cream?" suggested Nan, "and grape fruit salad."

"Sounds good and plain and sort of substantial," said Martha, sarcastically.

"I adore fried pork chops," said Peggy.

"Fried?" asked Martha. "Haven't you read your handbook, child? We don't fry things any more."

"Two squelched," laughed Nan, "it's your turn, Phil."

"Maybe we'd better have some patties or something dainty," suggested Phil, who was scrambling around in her mind for something that would sound very elegant and yet within range of her abilities as cook.

"No patties at this house," said Peggy hastily, "my father's a regular tired business man and you have

to feed him well, or—well, you have to feed him well," she repeated lamely.

"Perhaps it would be just as well to have plain food for a beginning," suggested Martha. "Do you know how to broil a steak, Phil?"

"Yes, if it doesn't cost too much to buy it," replied Phil. "I've heard that steaks cost money."

"Let's get a book and see what sounds easy to cook," suggested Martha, "and then we can make out a list of what we'd like to have that we can cook and then, if it cost too much we'll have to change, that's all."

They finally decided that as the time after school was so short, they would plan and market only for Friday's dinner and Saturday's breakfast. And that the other Saturday meals and Sunday meals could be provided for later. After much council, the menu for Friday dinner read as follows:

Broiled steak

Baked potatoes

Scalloped tomatoes

Bread and Butter

Fruit salad

Coffee (for one)

It was with much regret a fine dessert was abandoned but as it was already about four thirty, the girls very well knew that something would have to be omitted or dinner would not be ready at six thirty.

List in hand the girls hurried up to the Fifty-fifth street markets and in half an hour's time made their purchases—also fruit, eggs and rolls for breakfast. They had foraged in the ice box and found on hand butter and cream in abundance.

It was a case of "cash and carry" for there was no time to wait for deliveries. So the girls took their own packages and hurried back to work. Phil took charge and sent every girl to scrub her hands before she could touch a single article of food. Then they put on aprons they had brought and the tasks were apportioned out. Phil promised to cook the meat and tomatoes. Peggy was to set the table—because she knew where everything was—to prepare the bread and butter and assist with the steak.

"But I want to cook something," objected Peggy.

"Did you ever set the table before?" asked Phil.

"Never," laughed Peggy.

"Then you do that," said Phil, firmly, "and if you get it done quickly and perfectly, maybe we'll let you make the gravy for the steak—now, get to work."

Martha was to scrub the potatoes and get them in to bake and then

put away the supplies for breakfast while Nan had the important job of making the salad. Fortunately the Loring kitchen was not too tiny and there was room for all four girls to set to work.

Phil opened a can of tomatoes and poured them into a baking dish. After seasoning them with sugar and salt, she mixed in a few bread crumbs and set them in the oven. By that time Martha had the potatoes in to bake and was washing the fruit

it and wrapped it in a cloth and put it on ice. Then she peeled and diced apple, banana and some California grapes, dripped some lemon juice and salad oil on them and put them in the ice box too.

"Now make your dressing," advised Phil, "here's the recipe, and then get your plates ready. That's all you can do till the last minute."

Each girl worked hard and fast in the hope of being ready when Mr. Loring came home, but, of course,

"These are your new cooks, father," she added, "Phil—she's the boss, Martie and Nan. And oh, Dad," she added enthusiastically, "you're going to have the best dinner you ever ate."

"So?" said Mr. Loring. "Sounds good at any rate. What's it going to be?"

"Oh, beefsteak and potatoes and—a lot of things," said Peggy.

"Steak cooked yet?" he asked.

"Not yet," said Phil, regretfully, "and I'm sorry, too, because we wanted to be ready the minute you got here. But it won't take long."

"Don't you worry, Miss Head Cook," laughed Mr. Loring, "shall I tell you what I'd like better than having it ready when I arrive?"

"Yes?" asked the four girls expectantly.

"I'd like to broil it myself," said Mr. Loring.

"But you don't know how?" exclaimed Peggy.

"Don't I?" replied Mr. Loring. "Much you know about cooking abilities! With Katie bossing the kitchen a man doesn't get a chance to keep his hand in! But I used to go camping and cook—girls! Could I cook? You bring me an apron and I'll take my coat off and show you how to do it!"

Such fun as there was then that kitchen had never seen before! And with it all nothing was spoiled. The steak was done to a turn, the potatoes were mealy and luscious, the tomatoes were just right and the salad was crisp and cold.

Long after every scrap of food had disappeared the five lingered at the table listening to camp yarns Mr. Loring could tell them and getting advice for the camp they were soon to have.

"I didn't know you knew so much," said Peggy, admiringly, as at last they gathered up the dishes and prepared to finish up the work of the meal.

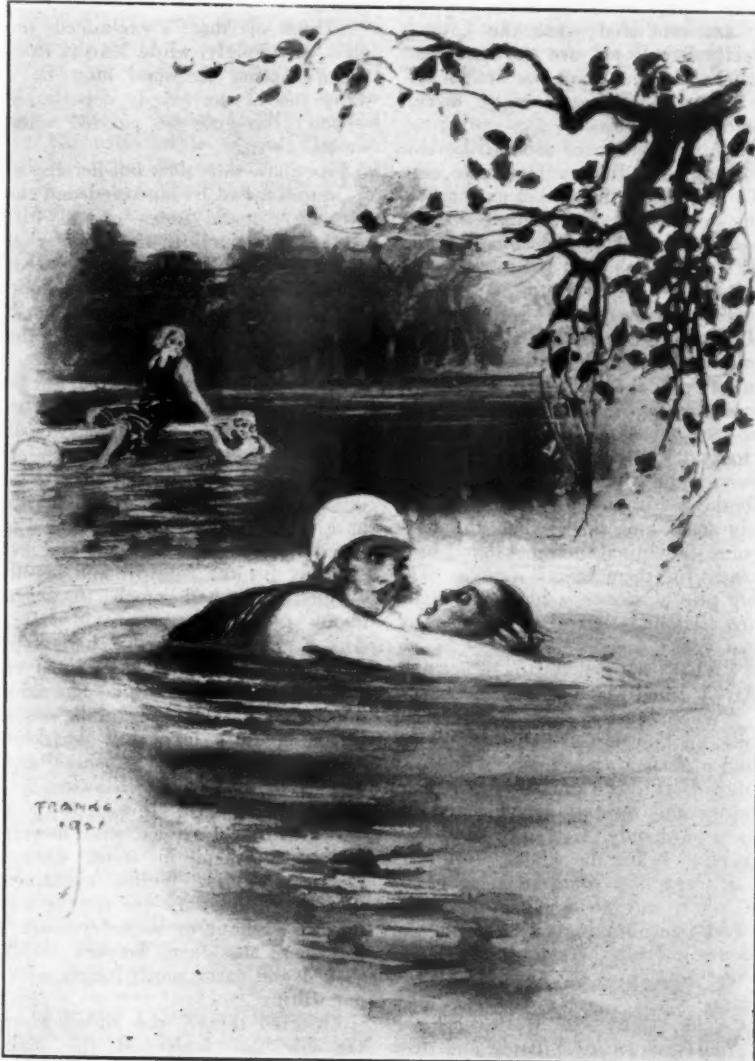
"A person doesn't often have the opportunity to show off—like this!" laughed Mr. Loring.

"You're going to get another chance, too," promised Martha. "You come out and visit us in camp this summer and show us how to do it."

"That I will," said Mr. Loring. "And I suppose there would be no rule against bringing—say—well—about five pounds of candy when I came along?"

"If anybody objects," declared Phil. "I'll eat their share!"

And if that first evening at cooking was any sign, the Scouts at



It was only the work of two or three minutes to swim with the child to the shore

for breakfast. Peggy had to call for help to put the cloth on straight and nobody could find the napkins till Peggy remembered that her mother always kept them in cases, very neatly, and there they were, in a blue case right where the girls had looked a half a dozen times!

Nan washed the lettuce and dried

that doesn't mean there was no talking. As a matter of fact there was so much chatter that nobody heard Mr. Loring come in; nobody guessed he was near till he walked into the kitchen.

"How you did scare me!" exclaimed Peggy, as she rescued the platter she so nearly dropped.

[Troop Twenty-one's camp were to have plenty to eat.

CHAPTER XVI

Making Plans

ON the Saturday morning following the cooking party, Miss Shaw, Martha and Betty took an early train for the country. Miss Shaw had discovered that by taking a local they could get off at Gravel Oaks, a tiny station not a hundred yards from Mr. Welles' estate and right by the plot where the camp was to be.

It was an interesting ride out from the city; first through the "yards" connected with the railroads, then through manufacturing districts and finally through suburbs into the open country. The trees were tinted green with tiny leaflets, birds were singing and the sense of spring was in the air.

"I just can't wait till we have it!" exclaimed Betty, as Miss Shaw folded up the lists the three had been studying. "To think we are coming out here to *live*—to live for a whole week! Won't it be perfect?"

"Just wait till you see Uncle Art's woods," promised Martha. "Then you will be glad you came!"

And sure enough, not five minutes later, the train stopped in the heart of a lovely woods and Martha piloted her two guests off the train by a tiny little shelter that was the only station there was to be seen. Woods behind them, woods in front of them—woods everywhere but on the railroad tracks, and a carpet of flowers that stretched on every side.

"Don't you just want to put your face down to the ground and smell?" exclaimed Martha, happily. "I always love to come out here in early May because the wild flowers are so profuse then. Uncle Art's so careful about the flowers being picked carelessly that he keeps plenty growing. It seems a shame that unless folks are watched, they'll pick great handfuls of flowers only to throw them away when they wilt. And there are really plenty of flowers for all to enjoy if only folks are careful of them."

Just then there was a whistle and Mr. Welles himself came into view.

"Just as sure as I count on that local being late it fools me," he said, by way of laughing apology for his tardy greeting. "But maybe you'll forgive me if I show you a view—come this way."

Tip-toeing through the woods to avoid crushing the countless wild flowers that grew so profusely, the three visitors followed their host up a tiny hill, over the crest—and there they stopped in delighted amaze-

ment. Before their eyes stretched a panorama full of delight for city-tired eyes. Nearby a meadow, fresh and green, in the distance a farmhouse with an orchard in full glory of bloom and still farther away a hillside tinted with wild crab and redwood blooms.

"Don't show us any more views, if you expect us to go home," said Miss Shaw, after they had feasted their eyes and had turned to go up to the house. "I never quite realized what I miss by living in the city, till I am reminded what the country really is. If we are to camp anywhere near that view, we are lucky."

"You are to camp right there," said Mr. Welles.

He had led them around the side of the hill till they faced the east. To the left, as they stood gazing, was his own home; three hundred yards away, straight ahead was another hill, its side sharply cut away by excavations for gravel; to the right the railroad with rolling golf links in the far distance. Directly in the center, between the hills was a flat, grassy plot toward which Mr. Welles was pointing.

"See those posts?" he asked his guests. "They mark where the Boy Scouts had their tents. A little later in the season we put floors for two big tents and then, when the boys come, they pitch the tents that I have ready for them in my garage. The big pile of stones, a bit to the right, are all that is left of their 'stove' of last year."

"What happened to it, Uncle Art?" asked Martha.

"When the boys left, I had them pile up the stones that way. They had a perfect arrangement for cooking—draft just right for baking potatoes and everything, but it was most too handy for tramps so we dismantled it for the winter. You girls can learn how to make it up again if you're any good at camping," he added, encouragingly, "because the stones are all there and I have the sheet iron top put away with the tents."

As he talked Mr. Welles led the party down the hillside and over to the spot where the camp was to be. It certainly was an ideal situation, flat, sheltered, without being too shady and in every way convenient.

"What's that hole that looks so caved in?" asked Betty, as they poked around exploring.

"Oh, that!" exclaimed Mr. Welles laughing at her puzzled expression; "that's where the ice chest goes."

"The ice chest!" cried Martha. "I never heard of an ice chest in the ground."

"I'll wager there's a lot you haven't heard of," laughed Mr. Welles, "especially about camping. Into that hole, you'll have to sink a big box I have. Then you put sand and fine gravel till you have it a foot deep, then you set in another box, smaller than the first one, and around it you pack more gravel and sand. Into the inner box is put your milk and butter and as long as the outer packing of sand is kept wet, the food will keep cool and sweet."

"Think of that!" exclaimed the girls, admiringly, while Martha said, "then wetting the sand must be a daily job of the supply department—won't the girls be puzzled when we tell them?"

Miss Shaw then took out her list of questions to be answered and the two girls made notes of all Mr. Welles could tell them about what they would need to bring, what clothes, bedding, utensils and food and also of such advice as they must be sure to remember to give to the other Scouts.

It was an ideal situation for a beginners' camp. The spot was in sight of the house, was under care of a gardener who could be appealed to for advice but who left the gravel lot as wild as though it was in the back woods; water for drinking was piped only a short way off and everything for the comfort and health of girls who had much to learn about woods life was provided for. And best of all—Martha had kept this for the last, as she wanted to surprise Miss Shaw—about five minutes' walk through the woods was a charming little lake that sparkled gayly in the spring sunshine and seemed to fairly invite a swim.

The girls were allowed to pick one handful of choice wild flowers and to put them in water during luncheon. Mrs. Welles explained that if wild flowers are put in water for an hour or so before carrying them, the stems become water soaked and carry much longer without wilting.

"I often think," she added when she saw how interested the girls were, "that if visitors to the woods would only content themselves with small clusters of picked flowers such as you have and then would let the blossoms lie a bit in a spring or in the lake, they would have many more flowers when they reached home than they possibly can have when they pick recklessly clear up to the minute the train whistles—and then have to throw away so many wilted blooms."

(Continued on page 23)

THE PLAY'S THE THING

By Elizabeth Jordan

Illustrated By Marjorie Flack

READ THIS FIRST

The girls at St. Catharine's Academy planned to give a play. Maudie Joyce, Mabel Muriel Murphy, Mabel Blossom and May Iverson, who is telling the story, decided to write one. They agreed that they would take two or three old plays and make them over. May Iverson wanted to be Juliet—so Maudie Joyce was to be Romeo. Mabel Muriel insisted on Cleopatra while Mabel Blossom declared that she would be as up-to-date as Laura in "The Pit." They were each to write an act—rehearse it—before combining it in one play. The play was to be tried out in front of the girls before saying anything to the teachers.

PART II

Of course, after the three acts were written the next thing to do was to make them all into one play. I will say here, with the deep humility the truly gifted always feel, that I don't believe any one but us could have done it. Even we lay awake nights over it! Finally we did it this way:

The first scene was in Chicago, in the year 1904, and Juliet said:

"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day. It is the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear."

Then Romeo had to reply, of course, and that gave us a chance to show that the play was modern. So we made him say:

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn, And this will be indeed a busy day. For thrice since eve had price of wheat gone down—

And I must be within the stock exchange ere tolls the bell."

You see how well that brought out the idea of the Chicago rush, and got the audience ready for Mabel's "Pit," too. Then, at the end, when Juliet is dying, she says:

"My dismal scene I needs must act alone— But poor Cleopatra, alas! Alack! Must do the same thing later."

Thus the girls—the audience, I mean—knew what was coming and didn't feel surprised when the curtain rose on Cleopatra and her asp. You see, it was not really hard to do after you had thought of the right way. It was like the egg that Columbus stood on end, by crushing it, when the others couldn't.

We didn't bother much about clothes when we were writing the play. But when we began to rehearse we saw how silly Romeo looked in Maudie Joyce's golf-skirt, so she wore her heavy traveling-ulster during that

act, and a little steamer-cap Kittie James lent her. All I had to have were clinging flowing things that would show the soft, immature lines of my youthful figure—for those are the kind of lines everybody says Juliet had. So I wore my silk kimono, and Maudie Joyce tore the sleeve, alas! in her ardor.

All Mabel Blossom did was to wear her best clothes, for Laura, in "The Pit," had lots of money. That was what her husband was doing all the time—getting it. As for Mabel Muriel, her father sent her a box of Cleopatra clothes that made our eyes bulge out. He sent clothes for five acts. As there was only one Cleopatra act on our play, Mabel Muriel had to leave the stage every five minutes to change her dress. It spoiled the death scene, too, for she began it in a Nile-green gown and came back and died in a white one, because the asp showed up better on that—and, besides, she wanted to wear all the dresses, so her dear father would

not be disappointed. But it was not art, for of course Cleopatra would not be thinking of clothes in those last sad minutes, even though she was, indeed a vain and sadly frivolous woman with too many emotions.

When we were all ready we invited ten girls to Maudie's room to see the play. Kittie James and Adeline Thurston sat in the front row which was a trunk, and the other girls sat where they could. My, but they were enthusiastic! We had stuffed the door and the key-hole and put black curtains over the transom and windows so we wouldn't disturb anyone, and we told the audience they could only applaud by clapping their thumb-nails together. But they did that till they 'most wore them out, and when Kittie James saw Cleopatra's asp she fell right off the trunk in her surprise and interest. She thought it was a real one.

Would that I could drop the curtain now, as we dropped it before our happy little band that night, flushed with joy and triumph. But, alas, alas! Life is, indeed full of bit-

terness, and who are we that we should hope to escape its dregs? We

(Continued on page 30)



Sister Edna sat right down, and Maudie said that her knees gave away under her—



SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS—



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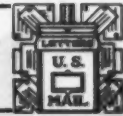
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It was a great assemblage of women who gathered from the four quarters of the earth to discuss suffrage and women's problems for the first time since the war. It was a very delicate task—that, because there were German women and Austrians, as well as women from America, Great Britain and the other entente countries and representatives from the neutral European nations, besides India, Chile and Iceland—in fact women from thirty-two nations.

Besides the sensitive feelings of many delegates on the subject of war, there was the language difficulty, and that is one reason for the writing this article. I want to tell what Girl Scouts did to bridge that for us. Three official languages were used at the conference, although there were enough languages spoken there to make a Babylon the Second.

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Again, enter the Girl Scouts. With dignity and courtesy these little ushers showed us to historic seats under the shadow of Calvin's pulpit.

It was a pretty sight—and a famil-

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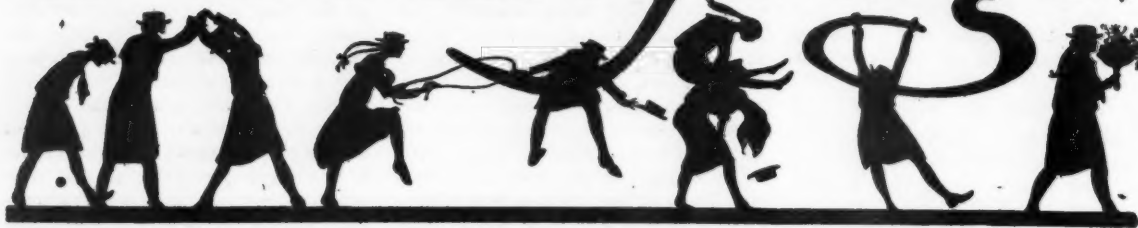
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Our Party Page



All Girl Scouts love the mystery and excitement of Hallowe'en night, so we are sure that they will be delighted with the suggestions given this month.

In the first place, the invitations for this party should be unique. For example, a sheet of rough butcher's paper, fastened with coarse twine around wooden skewers, may be used. Decorations on these should be pen and ink sketches of witches flying on broomsticks across the moon, owls, black cats with bristling tails or pumpkins with jack o' lantern faces.

The girls should come in costume, if possible, and wear masks, for it is half the fun to try and discover who is who.

On the night of the party be sure to have the house dimly lighted, and Jack o' lanterns outside the door. These will give a weird effect. At one party held on this night, the path from the gate to the house was lined with these grinning faces. A troop holding this party in their troop room can have a jolly pumpkin at each side of the door.

The hostesses should be dressed as witches in black cambric robes ornamented with owls, toads, cats, etc., cut out of orange cloth. They should be masked and wear tall witches' hats.

Instead of having the guests enter by the front door, have them come through the cellar. It adds to the mystery if one of the hostesses leads the way to this dark and ghostly entrance and bids them follow her. Another way is to have the room or house dark and the girls have to find their way around by taking hold of a rope—stationed along this are witches or ghosts who groan in such a manner as to make the bravest girl shiver. The way should be lighted with candles. Some of them can be made to flicker and go out in the following manner: the candles should be placed near a witch who should

blow on them just enough to produce the flickering and at a certain time place a tin can, with a hole to let the air in, over it, so that the candle appears to go out.

At the top of the cellar stairs, or the entrance to the room, another witch should be waiting on the other side of two large brooms which has been crossed and tied together so that each guest must step over them. As she does this the hostess says, "This is for luck!"

The house should be lighted with candles, if possible, or at any rate have the lights covered with orange and black paper. Be sure to use plenty of autumn leaves, pumpkins, witches, black cats and owls scattered about.

A good way to start the evening is with a jolly game, known as Sweeping with the Witches' Broom. This is played by placing on the floor a small ball, and giving a medium-sized broom to each guest in turn. One by one, the players are blindfolded and turned around until they have completely lost their bearings. They are told to sweep the ball out of the room as it represents bad luck, and if they sweep it out of the open door, all the bad luck

will be swept out of their lives for the coming year. Each guest is given two minutes in which to do this. Tiny brooms may be given as favors, to the successful ones.

If you have an open fire it will add much to the success of the party. Ghost stories—told to the length of burning a bunch of fagots—fortune telling by roasting chestnuts on the hearth and many other charming games may be played about the cheerful fire. If there is no fireplace, sit on the floor around a circle of candles and tell the ghost stories—and play the games.

The regulation Hallowe'en games are just as much fun to play as they were last year, and there is not one Girl Scout who would object to "bobbing for apples." Don't forget to pare an apple round and round in one unbroken strip and throw it over your head to see what initial appears. There's always "ducking for pennies in water or flour," biting apples suspended by strings from the ceiling.

Be sure to have a witch's tent. The girl masquerading as a witch, should know beforehand a good deal about the individual girls so that she may be able to tell many secrets of the past, present and future.

A jolly way to find partners for supper, is to give each girl a black cat and tell her to wind up the tail. The tail is of black worsted and must not be broken. The tails are arranged as in the old cob-web party only they eventually lead the girl to her place at the table.

The refreshment table should be decorated with many little favors which may be made by the Scouts themselves. Brownies made of crooked twigs and acorns, wishbone dolls or animals made of peanuts, etc.

Nuts, apples, cider, cookies and lemonade are the most appropriate refreshments for this party, and are sure to taste delicious after a strenuous evening of fun.



Party suggestions: If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand, if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.

THE ART OF TRAILING

By El Comancho

TO most white men nowadays the reading of a trail is a lost art, yet the outdoor man who is a good trailer gets a great deal more enjoyment out of the wilderness than his fellowman who cannot trail.

All savages, especially Indians, are fine trailers because they learn to trail from necessity and by constant contact with the wilds.

"Sherlock Holmes" was a wonderful detective, yet those stories hinged on precisely the same kind of knowledge used by the good trailer, namely, close and accurate attention to the most trivial detail and the ability to remember everything seen, heard or felt, plus the ability to "put this and that" together and make accurate deductions covering facts as they should be. Anything not "as it should be" demands instant investigation.

The good trailer does just this for he knows, first of all, every mood of nature.

He also pays close attention to weather, past, present and future, for weather has a great deal to do with "sign" both in the way it affects the sign itself and also the animal that makes the sign.

Animals are all usually very restless just before a big storm, and are very apt to travel aimlessly about as though expecting something to happen.

When the storm begins they hunt shelter and stay there until it is over, even to the extent of going without food, for sometimes as much

as three days if the storm be in the nature of a blizzard for instance.

The good trailer knows this just as he knows about everything else that has to do with nature.

He knows every detail of nature and just what everything should properly be when nature is normal and undisturbed.

Therefore it is the abnormal in nature or nature askew that catches the trailer's eye instantly and he must work out a logical explanation of how, what, why and when anything occurred to disturb nature. This is "reading sign."

For instance: if a stream rises, from rain or other causes, and gets out of its banks it will make currents of water across the land, and any obstruction will produce an eddy. This is abnormal. The sand, gravel and silts carried by the flood are dropped in a pile in each eddy because the force of the current is lost there and so a sandbar forms. The water receded, leaving the bar uncovered and smooth. An animal crosses the bar while it is still wet and the sand takes his thumbprints in the shape of foot tracks.

Say this animal is a "coon;" the good trailer can tell almost to an hour when the coon crossed the bar by the look of the track for it will be "sloppy" if he crossed immediately after the water receded, sharp and clean cut when the mud and sand is pretty damp and fainter in degree as the bar dries until it is perfectly dry; then the coon's soft feet leave no track at all except a faint displacement of loose top dust.

The dew of a single night will slightly blur the "sign" by removing the sharp edge of the tracks. A light shower will blur the track still more and a little real rain will make an "old" trail of it. An hour of steady rain will wash the tracks out entirely, and so it goes.

Time, place, animal, weather, wind and even sunshine all have to do with trailing because they all affect the trail one way or another.

Small animals leave less trail than large ones simply because they weigh less.

Feeding habits, fright, heat, cold, other animals and a thousand and one things must be taken into consideration.

The key to it all is close association with nature over a long period of time, coupled with an unlimited store of patience and the ability to remember and to see and hear the faintest detail, even to the extent of the scent the animal leaves sometimes.

Frequently on still, damp evenings I have "run into" the scent of a bear where he had crossed a trail I was following only a few moments before I got there. The scent will be strong if the air is perfectly still and damp and it lingers a long time right in the air under the proper conditions as every woodsman knows.

I merely cite this to show that everything must be watched and noted and then the truth deducted from the evidence in hand if one is to be a good trailer, and a good one gets the limit of enjoyment out of the wilderness.

ACROSTICS FOR GIRL SCOUTS

As a member of Red Rose troop I will:

R—ule my spirit
E—ducate my mind
D—evelop my body.
R—ead good books
O—bey all rules
S—elect good friends
E—njoy my duties.

As a member of Thistle Troop, I will

T—hink only pure thoughts
H—old dear all friends
I—nvite only good habits
S—how kindness to all
T—ell only good news
L—ook on the bright side.
E—ase life for my mother.

As a member of Tulip Troop, I will

T—ake pride in my tasks
U—se my time well
L—isten to conscience
I—mprove my talents
P—ut joy into living.

As a member of Narcissus Troop I will

N—eglect no duty
A—cquire self-control
R—ejoice in others' good fortune
C—riticize my own acts first
I—mpart happiness
S—ay only kind things
S—ing through my troubles
U—phold all good causes
S—erve God and my country.

ANNA E. HARRIS

THE GIRL SCOUT WINS

The Girl Scout wins! She's an average girl.

Not built in any peculiar whirl,
Nor blest with any peculiar luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question—she does not "guess."

She knows and answers "No" or "Yes."

When set to a task the rest can't do
She buckles down till she pulls it through.

The Girl Scout Wins! She's the one who works.

She neither labor nor trouble-shirks.
She uses her hands, her head, her eyes.

The Girl Scout Wins! She's the one who tries.

GLADYS BUSH.



THE ELVES' REBELLION

By Harold G. Henderson, Jr.

Music by Dagmar de Rybner

This play is especially written to feature dancing. There is ample opportunity for solo and group dancing, and Girl Scouts who are interested in the Dancing Badge, or troops whose captains have had the advantage of the Folk Dancing courses at the First National Training Camp, for instance, are advised to consider this play. It combines the unusual advantages of picturesque effect, pageant possibilities and witty dialogue. Perhaps a local dancing teacher would take the leading part and help coach it.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Oberon—Ex-King of Fairyland.

Titania—Ex-Queen of Fairyland, now Presidentess of the Fairy Republic.

Dagonet, Accalon—Elves.

Peaseblossom, Moth, Cobweb, Mustard-seed—Fairies.

Colin—a Shepherd.

Florinda—a Shepherdess.

Elves, Fairies, Shepherdesses.

Act I.

(Scene: An open place in the forest. Entrances R. L. U. R. U. L. Enter: Fairy King attended by elves, including Dagonet and Accalon. The elves are carrying banners "Votes for Elves," "Protesting Perpetual Presidency," etc., also, if possible, one elf carrying a Fairy Soap box. The King gets up on the soap box and makes a speech, using exaggerated mannerisms of political orators.)

King. Elves! The time has come when tyranny can no longer be endured. (Cheers.) We have no voice in public matters—we only do the work and get bossed. (Loud hisses.) Representative government is bosh—we have had the same Presidentess elected at every annual election—and why? Simply because election day is her birthday, and all she has to do is to ask for votes as presents. (Groans.) Elves! Our rights are trampled and the time has come to strike! (Cheers.)

First Elf—Yes, but how?

King—Strike!

First Elf—Yes, but how?

King—Strike, strike, you zany. Go on strike. Refuse to do our work or join the fairy revels. That will bring our mistresses to terms! Elves! Will you follow me in striking?

Elves—We will! We will!

First Elf, advancing—Why can't we have someone to lead the strike? Mortals, I understand, send out a "walking delegate" to stir up people against tyranny—will you, King, be our delegate—our "flying delegate," to rouse all the elves?

Elves—You be our flying delegate! (All cheer except Accalon and Dagonet.)

King—I thank you. I will try and be a worthy flying delegate of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Elves. But, Accalon, Dagonet, surely you don't intend to play the part of scabs?

Dagonet—Indeed, we follow you, Sire, but our strike goes further than yours. My Lord, we love a mortal maid! (The elves draw back in astonishment and disapproval.)

Accalon—And one of us will marry her! (Elves express horror.)

King—Madmen! Do you not know that an elf who marries a mortal forfeits fairyland?

Dagonet and Accalon (together)—We know, oh King!

King—And that this will be most exasperating to the fairies?

Accalon—Of course it will be. That is half the fun of it. Don't you want to exasperate the fairies?

King—That's an idea! (to the elves) Suppose we all exasperate the fairies by falling in love in the same way?

First Elf—But we don't want to marry mortals.

King (reflectively)—That's true.

Second Elf—Can't we just pretend to fall in love with them?

King (pompously)—Sir! No King would tell a lie, and no true elf should stoop to act one.

Third Elf—Then I suggest, my lord, that we fall in love temporarily.

King—Good! Good! An excellent suggestion. Then that is settled. But

with whom shall we temporarily fall in love?

Fourth Elf—There are some shepherdesses who tend their flocks near here.

King—Let's go get them and

show them to the fairies. (Cheers)

Fifth Elf—But how can we make them see us?

King—We'll put magic wreaths upon their heads, and then we shall be visible to them. Come! (They start to go out R. Enter fairy messenger L.)

Fairy Messenger—Elves! (the King turns)

King—Well, what do you want?

Fairy Messenger—Her excellency, the Presidentess, commands your presence at the revels to be held here this mid-afternoon.

King (commandingly)—Hah! Go tell Titania that I am now a flying delegate of The Amalgamated Brotherhood of Elves, and so I'll do what I blame well please—I'm on strike—we're all on strike—until we get political equality.

(Exeunt Elves R)

(Fairy Messenger in astonishment follows the elves R. Watches them go; crosses slowly to L and backs to center and kneels as Queen and fairies enter U. L.)

Queen—Rise, Peaseblossom! (Fairy messenger bows her head) What means this? Did you not give my message to the elves?

Fairy Messenger—Yes, Lady, but I bring ill news. The former King—Queen—Yes, yes, go on.

Fairy Messenger—Refuses obedience.

Queen—What! Refuses? (Fairies register excitement.)

Fairy Messenger—And furthermore, he bade me tell you that he and



all Elidom is on a strike, and will not obey until they obtain political equality.

Queen—Is this rebellion after a hundred years? (*Stops; listens*) But hark! (*Queen motions fairies back to U. L. Queen follows, walking backwards with arms extended looking toward entrance R. Enter R.—elves, each accompanied by a shepherdess (wreathed) whom in pantomime he invites forward. Dance. First elves and shepherdesses only, elves making love to the shepherdesses, they gradually yield. Then fairies come from back stage separating the elves from their partners. They threaten elves (all in pantomime). Elves slip by them to rejoin shepherdesses. Fairies unsuccessfully try to separate them again and elves and shepherdesses dance off leaving the fairies behind.*)

Queen (angrily)—It is rebellion! We must nip it in the bud. We will show them that we do not need them for the work they boast of. Fairies! (*they gather round her*) We meet here for the revels as we planned, but first we do the elves' neglected work. (*Flutter of fairies. During the rest of the Queen's speech the fairies go out as ordered singly or in pairs. The Queen points to those she addresses in each line.*)

—You take the grass and flowers.
—You the trees.
—Yours are the rains and showers.
—Yours the bees.
—Go you and watch the elves.
—The beasts—the birds (*Queen now alone*)

—And we shall rule alone,
—In deeds as well as words.

(*Queen strikes an attitude and exits*)
(*Enter Florinda, a shepherdess, dancing, followed by Colin. Florinda is making a wreath, Colin holds one in his hand.*)

Florinda (singing)—
I weave into this wreath of mine
Weed and flower, leaf and vine.
So I hold within my hand
The fairy key to fairyland.

(*Enter Dagonet and Accalon following Florinda, unseen*)

Colin (kneeling somewhat burlesquely)—
Oh Florindah! Oh Florindah!
For you my heart's a box of tindah.

(*Florinda laughs, puts on wreath and thus sees elves. She starts, Colin looks but sees nothing. Florinda points, puts wreath on his head. Colin then sees the elves and is much frightened. Dagonet and Accalon approach, taking opposite sides. Florinda being in the center of the stage with Colin behind her.*)

Accalon (as pompously as possible)

Florinda, a mighty honor

Comes to a maid today.

For lo, I bestow upon her
The hand of an elfin fay.

Florinda, you are the chosen—
For in you such beauty lies
That though my heart were frozen
T'would melt beneath your eyes.

Dagonet (sings simply)—
Lady, I have loved you long—
From me you'll be receiving
Love indeed as well as song,
Taking it or leaving,
Yours it is until I die.
Through life and death—and after
Asking nothing, Lady, I
Shall bring you love and laughter.

Accalon—
I am Accalon, the elf—
And to you I'm bringing
The greatest gift of all—myself
I offer in my singing.
As I shall forfeit fairyland
Just to gain your beauty

To give to me your heart and hand
Will be both joy and duty.

Dagonet—
Lady, I've no gift to give
Worthy of your taking
All my life I've learned to live
Loving and laugh-making.
Lady, lady, come what may
Through life and death, and after
At your little feet I lay
My life and love and laughter.

(*Florinda takes a step toward Dagonet, but shrinks back as Accalon advances. Colin takes Florinda awkwardly in his arms and glares at Accalon.*)

Accalon (to Colin)—Presumptuous mortal! By my fairydom I conjure you! Become a toad! (*Dagonet has crossed over to the other side of Colin and is protecting him.*)

Colin—Really sir, this is too
(*Continued on page 26*)

The tune given below is to be sung by Accalon to the words beginning: "Florinda, a mighty honor,"

Tempo di marcia

Copyright

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
FRANCES CLARK
Director

TROOP 168—PIONEER

Several of us decided that we would try to pass this test. First we read in Kephart's "Camping and Woodcraft" the chapters which had most bearing on our problems. Building the shack was the biggest problem and we thought the best way to go about it would be to pretend that we intended to camp out for several days, and in setting up our housekeeping combine all the nine points of the test, with the exception of the seventh.

We did not need to go far to find a suitable camp site because we live on the edge of a wood and we had no difficulty in finding the essentials, pure water, plenty of wood, a level open spot high enough to be breezy, good drainage, direct sunlight in the morning, and privacy.

Saws, axes and hatchets were used in felling two small straight trees. All the branches were trimmed and used for crosspieces and we tried to do as little damage as possible. Having measured and marked out the ground plan we planted two forked stakes ten feet apart, put the ridge-pole in position in the forks and then rested four of the heavier pieces on the ridgepole, to which they were lashed firmly. The other ends of these four pieces rested on a log which was held in place securely by stakes driven into the ground on the inside, and large stones placed against it on the outside. The rest seemed easier; saplings laced over and under and spreading branches thatched over them to make the roof as solid as possible. The trees were not yet in leaf and there were no evergreens in these woods, therefore slickers would have to be spread over the roof in case of rain.

It was getting late and we still had several points to cover. Near a clump of bushes we dug a hole to be used as an incinerator and garbage receptacle. Each day combustible waste could be burned, cans and other waste dropped in and then covered with some of the earth piled up alongside when the hole was dug.

We satisfied the eighth require-

ment by marking a trail. We used the ordinary trail signs we have used so often in our treasure hunts.

Next we built a fireplace of stones, making it long enough to accommodate several pots or pans at one time. Then we fried eggs and heated baked beans for supper. We also covered the ninth point by boiling water to make it perfectly safe for drinking.

By this time it was almost dark, and one of us luckily remembered we had not made a cache. This was easily done. A strong peeled pole or sapling was extended from the fork of one tree to another about fifteen feet from the ground. From the middle of the pole a strong loop of cord was suspended. A package of food well wrapped up was then hooked to the cord by means of a three inch length of wire bent like the letter "s."

As we were curious about the direction of the wind we moistened a finger, held it up, and the side toward the setting sun dried first. We knew the wind was westerly.

We began to work at three thirty (after school), and had everything done by seven forty-five. No Merit Badges we have aspired to has given us more fun and pleasure than the Pioneer test.

"Very pleasant is our dwelling,
O our friends! and safe from danger."
(Apologies to Longfellow)

ELIZABETH MORLEY,
Troop No. 168

NOTICE

*News of the Banner Contest
promised for this issue will be
published in the November
number of THE AMERICAN GIRL.*



All aboard for home—after a wonderful camping trip

TO THE FOUNDERS

We celebrate their birthdays,
The men of great renown,
Who through the stress of warfare
Their bravery have shown.

We gaze upon their portraits
With mingled pride and awe,
And fly our country's colors
Our gratitude to show.

But all the worthy heroes
Have not passed on before,
For Robert Baden Powell lives
Across on England's shore.

And Scouts the whole world over,
His name shall e'er revere,
For he it was made Scouting
The life of youth to cheer.

And Lady Baden Powell, too,
Our thankfulness to you,
For helping this vast world of girls
Some worthy things to do.

We've learned to love the birds and
flowers,
And secrets of the wood;
To lend a hand to other folks,
And be the Scouts we should.

Girl Scouts of our United States,
Shall we not praise bestow
To her—the first American Scout,
Mrs. Julliette Low.

To the promise that you gave us,
We'll endeavor to be true,
And the inspired ten Scout laws
We pledge ourselves to do.

The thing that you've transplanted
Shall spread from shore to shore,
Till Scouting reaches every clime,
The whole, great, wide world o'er.

ESTHER B. STRICKER.

Scouting Activities in Minneapolis

Edited by Marjorie Edgar, Director
89 So. 10th Street

NINE MILE CAMP

"When we abandoned Orchard Lake
Nine Mile Valley to cross."
Another camp we had to make,
Nine Mile Valley to cross."

It is the camp song for 1921, and it goes on and on, because in addition to the three original verses (explaining how we went to camp) each patrol makes up a new verse to it. There are three patrols a week, and some of them take two verses in which to make themselves known so, toward the end of the six weeks' season, the song became a memory test for the singers, and sometimes an endurance test for the audience. But we who camped all love it. It goes to a nice old negro tune ("One Wide River"), and it will always bring up the pleasantest camp memories.

Morning, clear and stimulating, but promising a hot day. The trailers will keep to the woods, the signallers seek shade, and the bird hunters find only field birds and the unwearrying vireos, who love the heat. It is the time between breakfast and inspection when all the Scouts are busy with fatigue duty and jobs seem to be going gayly. Are Scouts better at jobs than other people, or do they simply have more fun at it? Supply girls come singing down the road from Mrs. Kelley's and the "yard" girl is burning trash. Of course good patrol leaders are responsible for all this and these "temporaries" are as competent as the "regulars." At this moment, the voice of a patrol leader, from the shack she is sweeping, calls: "What are you doing?"

Voice of small Scout playing mumbly-peg (virtuously): "Nothing."

Voice of Patrol Leader (sternly): "That's just what you oughtn't to be doing."

Night. The Cabin. Candles for footlights by the hearth, expectant Scouts in chairs opposite. We are waiting for the pirate patrol to give their stunt, and while we wait we sing all about the "Frog Who Would a

Wooring Go" and "Mary and her William Goat." We sing everything else we know, and get on to "Nine-Mile." The Hawthorne Patrol sings its verse but it is thinking of the old tune of "The Hawthorne Tree" and the dance to that tune which will be its "stunt." The Gumps sing their verse. They are quieter than usual—who would guess that tomorrow night they will surprise us with a blood-thirsty little drama in which all the leading characters are scalped? Just before the song ends, there is a sound opposite the door—and then—the Pirates are here. By day they are pirates in name only, they carry pails of water, and have been known to scrub their nails before inspection but tonight they are superb in black and red, with earrings and cutlasses, high booted, and armed—literally to the teeth with jack-knives. "Yo-ho-ho" and all the rest of it!

WA-SUTON-WI

We had no name for the Officers' School of Camping until an Indian name offered itself and we called it Wa-Suton-Wi or Harvest Moon, the Dakota Indian name for the month of August. The Indian motif was rather strong throughout the camp, probably owing to the surroundings, little lakes, birch and balsam fir—and Miss Maynard, arriving a day late, was welcomed with a warwhoop and her canoe surrounded with campers dressed in red blankets and decorated with feathers. Indian names, genuine ones, and usually far from romantic, were given everyone, and Miss Maynard was christened Chief Whirlwind Horse, although her real title was Chief Instructor. She taught us many things—how to make camp furniture, a new fireplace, "heights and distances," and lots of games. All these things the officers appreciated and were eager to learn, but their greatest enthusiasm was for Miss Maynard herself. No one, coming from a great distance to a quite unknown country has ever belonged more entirely than Whirlwind Horse belonged to our camp, and the time was all too short for our knowledge of her.

Like everyone else at camp she belonged to a patrol and did fatigue duty with the rest of the Lone Wolves, under Mrs. Juhre. Miss Robertson with her Chipmunks and Miss Burdick with her Beavers lived in tents near the Lake, while Miss Thoorsell and the Loon Patrol lodged on the porch of the shack that stood in the woods. This shack was our headquarters, and from it the quartermaster, Miss Cross, gave out sup-

plies to the patrols, who did the cooking in turns. We ate at outdoor tables and cleared a place near the shack for fire-places, incinerators and wood shelters. Color ceremonies and assemblies were held in front of the shack while for Sunday services, and the morning Courts of Honor, we went up a short trail to a clearing in the woods, much frequented by squirrels, chipmunks and humming-birds.

In the evenings we followed this path a little farther and came to Mrs. Little's house, where her big fire made us welcome. Here we sang and roasted marshmallows and had good talks, and the Chipmunk and Loon patrols gave their stunts. The Chipmunks did some clever charades, illustrating the manual, called "Equipment." The Loon Patrol acted the old Scotch ballad of "The Barrin' of Oor Door," with the hearth as a stage, a beautifully dour old couple beside it, and two irrepressibly "gay gentlemen." On another night Miss Maynard, sublime as the King of the Bararees, murdered her two subjects, and last of all, four Scouts from different patrols Cross, Sampson, Preston, and Burdick acted, most delightfully, the chief scenes from "The Young Visitors."

The Lone Wolves gave their stunt out-of-doors, on the afternoon that Mrs. Juhre and Mrs. Voerge left for St. Paul. They were dressed as Chief Yellow Thunder and his squaw, lighting a council fire and summoning the messengers from the four winds. The messengers brought prophecies of the tribes' departure and the arrival of strange campers from the land of Minnehaha. Then all the group went off chanting, in the canoe.

The Beaver Patrol chose a sunny afternoon for their stunt, and gave the charming patomime of Hansel and Gretel in the woods. It was repeated on Visitors' Day, when our neighbors of four and five miles away came, in boats and on horseback and by Ford to see "what we did." We gave them a model assembly, danced "Sellenger's Round," and did some spirited games. Then Grandpa Williams one of the settlers, read a poem in our honor, and was later heard to remark, "There's more in this Scout business even than I thought there was."

The last two days were filled with ceremonies, and the contests for fire-building and for singing were held. Patrol points ran very close, but nature collections made by Scouts Thompson, Shedd and Beebe brought the Chipmunks out ahead.



BOOKSHELF FOR GIRL SCOUT CAPTAINS

THE following books are supplementary to the references for Girl Scout officers, given in the handbook, "Scouting for Girls," pages 544-547. Books printed by Girl Scout headquarters or by the Girl Guides have not been included unless they are new. Watch THE AMERICAN GIRL for reviews of new books.

"*Scoutmastership*," Robert Baden-Powell, New York. Putnam, 1920. The philosophical basis of the Scouting movement presented by the Chief Scout, with special reference to the training of leaders. Study outlines. Required reference for training courses.

"*The Girl Guides' Book of Games*," Alice Behrens. Arthur Pearson, London, 1921. Outdoor and indoor games, emphasizing Scout activities.

"*Psychology in Daily Life*," Carl Emil Seashore, N. Y. Appleton, 1918. 226 pp. Practical introduction to applied psychology, with chapters on Play, Memory, Mental Efficiency, Mental Health, Law, and Measurement.

"*Psychology of Relaxation*," G. T. W. Patrick, N. Y., Houghton Mifflin, 1916. 280 pp. Entertaining and thorough-going analysis of the role in life of play, laughter, profanity, alcohol and war. Bibliography.

"*Atlantic Monthly*," "Boys, A Study of the Strange Race," by R. S. V. P., March, 1921. "Girls," by R. S. V. P., April, 1920. "Boys and Girls," by Annie Winsor Allen, June, 1920. Three essays by sympathetic observers of youth.

"*The Trend of the Teens*," M. V. O'Shea, Chicago. Drake, 1920. 281 pp. Bibliography. Typical traits and problems of boy and girl life in America, written especially for parents.

"*Field and Camp Notebook*," Comstock Publishing Co., Ithaca, 1921. Loose leaf notebook for nature study leaders. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Nature Study Clubs and children (old and young) in the home. Study outlines for birds, flowers, trees, fishes and insects. Outline drawings of many different species for coloring. In Lefax form.

fits officers' notebook, special cover for Scouts. With this and the "Handbook of Nature Study," by A. B. Comstock, any Girl Scout captain can take her troop through First Class and most of the proficiency work in Nature Study.

"*Hygiene of the School Child*," Lewis Terman, Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1914. A comprehensive presentation of the factors of healthy childhood and youth, including growth, nutrition, hygiene of vision, hearing, the teeth and preventive mental hygiene. 417 pp. Bib.

"*The Way Life Begins*," by Bertha C. Cady and Vernon M. Cady, N. Y. American Social Hygiene Association, 1917, 78 pp. Fine illustrations. Simple, non-technical but entirely accurate presentation of the fundamental facts concerning the reproduction of living forms; intended for teachers and parents. Can be used by itself as basis for teaching, by beginners.

"*Towards Racial Health*," a Handbook for Parents, Teachers and Social Workers on the Training of Boys and Girls, by Norah H. March, N. Y. Dutton, 1920. 326 pp. Bib. Biological and psychological bases of social Hygiene, sympathetically presented by a trained speaker who is also a student of the sciences.

"*Civic Biology*," Textbook of Problems, Local and National That Can be Solved Only by Civic Co-operation, by Clifton F. Hodge and Jean Dawson, a fascinating account of the inter-relation between the world of plants and animals and human society; gives the scientific background necessary for the successful carrying out of such community projects as elimination of flies, mosquitoes and other noxious insects, forest conservation and protection of birds. Outlines concrete lines of study in all branches of biology in a way peculiarly well suited to Scouts.

"*Clothing, Choice, Care, Cost*," by Mary Schenck Woolman, Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1920. Facts for the thrifty Scout and the Health Winner, including clothing and health, and intelligent shopping, serviceable clothing, clothing budget, care, repair renovation and cleansing.

THE STAR PEOPLE

GAYLORD JOHNSON

"The Star People" is a delightful little book for children.

In it Uncle Henry brings the star people down out of the sky, in a most realistic manner by inducing the children to make the figures of the constellations on the sand with pebbles, as they find them in the sky. In this way Peter, Paul and Betty

become intimate friends with the star people. Uncle Henry then draws the mythological figures around the skeletons the children make in the sand, adding a story or poem as he draws, not hesitating occasionally to change the figure in a delightful way to suit the children's own imaginations. During several summer evenings the children are introduced to the various summer constellations in such a charming way that they learn to love them and wish for more. The scene of the winter game is the roof of a city house, and a blackboard and crayon replace the sand and pebbles until the winter groups are familiar. On one cloudy night indoors the zodiac is very clearly and delightfully explained.

The book is profusely illustrated with Uncle Henry's drawings.

We most heartily recommend it to all, especially Brownies and younger Scouts.

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN CO.
PRICE, \$1.50)

The American Girl suggests to Captains that they ask their girls to celebrate Mrs. Low's birthday on October 30th by singing our Founder's Song, reprinted below. This is one of the ways in which we can keep our Founder's name before the Girl Scouts.

FOUNDER'S SONG

Tune: "Fair Harvard"

Rally 'round, all you Girl Scouts, and
join in a cheer

For our Founder and leader and
friend,

From the girls who live farthest to all
who are here,

Let us wish her good luck without
end!

From the North to the South, from the
East to the West,

We have gathered to greet her today,
Since she's known us the longest and
loved us the best,

In our mem'ry forever she'll stay!

Here's to you, our first Captain, we'll
never forget

That you built the first road for us
all.

Now we're marching in triumph, we
think of you yet,

And your Troop-flag we'll never let
fall!

In the years that are gone, in the days
that are past,

We were lonely and tiny and few,
We're an army today, and so long as
we last,

We'll be faithful, our Founder, to you!

THE AMERICAN GIRL wants
the best ideas for Christmas
giving. If you will read the
editorial on page 4—it will
give you full information.

THE CAMP AT GRAVEL POINT (Continued from page 12)

That she was right the girls discovered when they reached their own homes in the late afternoon and found their dainty blossoms fresh and fragrant as when picked.

At the next regular Scout meeting the visitors made a report of their explorations that was listened to with eager interest—not a bit dimmed by the fact that the Scouts had heard most of it first thing Monday morning! and had talked of little else since!

Jacqueline had a report ready too, which consisted in a request that each girl find out if she would be allowed to bring her own pair of blankets and pillow (if she wanted one).

"If you can, girls, that will be a lot easier than getting them from one or two places and each girl can be responsible for her own and that only."

Betty was appointed head buyer for the Oaks and Polly head cook and they both were to have assistants chosen and menus and lists made out ready to submit at the next meeting.

"We'll have to make plans very definitely now," said Miss Shaw, "because in a couple of weeks reviews will begin, then come examinations and the gay times of graduation week, and however much you may want to think and work for camp, you won't have a minute to do it in. So work now, while there is time."

"And now is a fine time to finish up work for your Second Class scout tests," added Miss Gilbert. "When you're in camp you'll have fine chances for working toward flower proficiency, for instance, and you want to get your Second Class tests passed and out of the way."

"I'm going out for photography," said Nan. "You know that new camera I have? I was reading in the handbook the other day about the requirements for the photographers' badge and I know I can get it if I try."

"Me for the flower badge," said Betty. "You should see the flowers out there! I'm going to take along mother's flower guide and work for that badge."

"I'm going to get my cooking one before we go," said Phyllis, "cause mother says the head cook in each camp ought at least to be able to do that much."

"You work for cooking, too, Polly," said Jack, gaily. "I don't in-

tend to feast from Phil's cooking and starve the day you have charge."

"You just wait and see," promised Polly. "I have learned three things already—and I'll not tell what they are, either, Miss Curious," she added "only you'll like 'em a lot and I'm learning more. So there!"

"By the way," said Peggy, as the three girls walked home together a little later, "when did you get your last crush note from Polly, Martie?"

"Un-m, let's see," said Martha, thoughtfully, "I don't believe I know, anyway, it's ages ago."

"Do you understand that?" asked Peggy.

"Understand what?" asked Nan.

"That crush notes are no more," replied Peggy.

"By jingos!" exclaimed Margy, "Something tells me you're right! Polly's cured!"

"And so thoroughly we never even noticed it," laughed Martha. "That's something for Scouting, and oh, girls, did you ever imagine so much fun as we're going to have in camp?"

CHAPTER XVII

The First Day in Camp

AFTER the meeting when the work of preparing for camp was discussed and planned for, the days seemed to dash madly by. Reviews and what Margy called "oodles" of home work; the week of final exams; the class day with its play, party and dance, all crowded into one glorious fest of fun, and then the day of actual graduation when the seniors, very dignified and with a lumpish feeling in each throat walked up for the coveted diploma—it was a never-to-be-forgotten week.

Then the rest of a quiet week end, comprehensive exams for the five candidates for eastern schools and then—cheers! camp—

All day Monday the girls made plans, bought supplies, packed clothes—and unpacked them because the bundles were too big—and dropped hurriedly into each others' houses or telephoned continually to the utter distraction of families and other friends. But at last everything was ready and the girls turned in early so as to be sure they could be up early.

Jack's brother and Polly's mother had promised to drive the scouts to the downtown station in time for the seven-thirty local and that meant starting early.

Promptly at six-thirty the honk of a horn in front of Margy's house told her that Bob had arrived and Jack's excited call "Hustle up, Marg,

don't stop for primping; we're five minutes behind schedule!" sent that scout flashing down the steps, grip and blanket bundle in hand. It wasn't far between houses—distance is nothing with a high-powered car to be sure—and in twenty-five minutes, the car full of laughing, happy girls, was spinning down Michigan Boulevard toward the Loop.

Just as they made the turn at Thirty-ninth St. Margy screamed, "Girls! I've forgotten my ukulele!"

"What is a camp without a ukulele?" queried Peggy, sadly.

"Well, what's forgotten is left behind," said Miss Gilbert, "it's too late to go back."

"It would be for anybody but Bob," replied Margy, sweetly (Margy was always a diplomat). "But you should see Bob drive, Miss Gilbert! It wouldn't be anything for you to dash back to my house and let me get it, now would it, Bob?"

Bob, being no less susceptible to flattery than the rest of humanity, replied "Certainly not. Really we have plenty of time!" And slipping around the block he started the dash back toward the Midway.

Seeing one of the girls glance fearfully at the speedometer, Margy bent forward as though to tie her shoe and let her handkerchief fall over the speedometer.

"Facts are sometimes so hampering," she murmured softly, by way of explanation.

Before the car stopped at her house, Margy was on the running board and while the engine chugged restlessly, she ran up the steps, through the front door which luckily was open for the morning airing, grabbed up the instrument which had been set close by the door where it couldn't be forgotten and was back again in the car quicker than one can read about it. Then began the real dash for the train.

It was a lucky thing that there was little traffic in that early morning hour, for if Bob had had much to avoid or to stop for it, he couldn't have made the run. But as it was, they reached the station with exactly one minute and a half to spare.

Polly was posted at the foot of the stairway to tell them that tickets were purchased and they should stop for nothing.

"Miss Shaw just said she knew you'd gone back for something!" added Polly. "Now do for Heavens' sake—MOVE!" And the girls certainly did.

It must have been a funny sight to see eight young girls and one college woman, each loaded with grip

and a rolled blanket, to say nothing of other packages, run madly up the marble steps of the Northern Western Station in the very face of the incoming crowds of early suburbanites. People turned and stared—but little did the girls care! They were bent on making that train—and make it they did!

Miss Shaw had held her group at the car platform, for if the other group didn't make the train she thought they would all wait till the nine-thirty and go together. When Nan, in the lead, came into view though, Miss Shaw let her girls climb aboard and by the time the whole eighteen were on the train the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the journey to camp had begun.

"We must have looked charming," remarked Peggy, as she mopped her face.

"Close your lips, breathe deeply and mentally count ten," suggested Margy, as she waved her hand toward panting Peggy.

"Shut up!" laughed Nan, "you're as winded as the rest of us! Well, anyway, we're all here—including the ukelele."

"To be sure," said Margy, rescuing the instrument from its crowded place between two scouts; "want me to sing for you?"

"Please don't!" begged Martha, "it takes moonlight and a lot of romantic setting to make your singing sublime, sweetheart. In the glare of early morn—"

"Will you see who's here!" interrupted Nan, and the whole crowd turned toward the back of the car where they saw Mr. Loring coming toward them.

"Why, Dad!" exclaimed Peggy, "where did you come from?"

"Home," said Mr. Loring, innocently. "I heard that some of my friends were going camping today and so—"

"Are you going with us?" cried Peggy in delighted bewilderment.

"Well, of course, if you don't want me," said Mr. Loring, "but I thought there might be tents to put up and stakes to drive and all that."

"I can hardly believe our good luck," exclaimed Miss Shaw. "I've never camped before and though I've been studying up and studying up, I have a sneaking feeling that a good many things will come up that I do not understand. It will be a great relief to me as well as a pleasure to us all, to have you along."

"Do you really know how to put up a tent?" asked Margy.

That set Mr. Loring off on camp yarns which lasted till the station

was reached and when the whole party tumbled off at Gravel Oaks they felt that Mr. Loring was absolutely essential to the success of the camp.

When Mr. Welles met them, Miss Shaw attempted to introduce the two gentlemen and found to her surprise that they had both been in the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan and they were old friends.

"The only point we missed knowing is that my daughter and his niece were classmates—we didn't discover that till last night," laughed Mr. Loring, "and that's one big reason why I'm out to help for the day."

"Everybody off?" asked Mr. Welles as the train pulled out and evidently everybody was, for when Miss Shaw gave the order to "Form ranks" and "Forward march" sixteen scouts with all their luggage fell into line and under Mr. Welles's guidance, marched to the site of the camp.

After that every one set to work. Under the able leadership of the two well trained men, the Scouts were divided into groups for various jobs. One cleaned the wooden floors for the tents; one brought the tents from the garage and when the floors were ready set them up; one made the fireplace and oven; one gathered wood and brought supplies, which had been expressed out, one prepared a proper place for the disposal of waste—that most important factor of a healthy camp and one group made the underground refrigerator.

Of course, there were other things to do too—the flag to set up and salute, for instance, and how the girls did thrill when the June breeze sent their own flag to waving over their own little camp kingdom! And food to arrange in an insect-proof box that was made by standing a packing box of blocks which in turn were set in small pans of water. Polly, who was very handy with a hammer, made shelves and so contrived that there was plenty of space for provisions.

It was all such fun. The hard work seemed mere play, it was so interesting and different, but oh, how hungry it did make them!

Nan was about to say she couldn't stand it another minute, when the smell of delicious cooking set them all to sniffing.

"Something tells me food is near!" exclaimed Margy, as with a comic imitation of early Indian days, she scanned the distant horizon.

"Something tells me that if you don't wash your hands you'll not be

given any food when it arrives," threatened Martha, darkly.

"Wash hands in camp?" asked Margy, "I thought dirt was necessary to successful camping. Dirt, flies, and mosquitoes—that's what I've always read."

"Then you've never read about a Scout camp," said Jack. "We have a proper place for waste and place to wash and we brought mosquito nets—so if you think you won't be happy, there's a train in ten minutes."

"I guess I can stand it if you can, dearie," laughed Margy; "lead me to the wash room!"

Much to her surprise, Martha led her to a shady spot behind the tents where a long pipe laid on the ground turned up and ended in a nozzle. There by turning a valve a clear stream of water flowed out and into an upstanding drain tile which carried it away without making a muddy mess on the ground.

"Talk about your pampered children of the city!" said Margy, "we can be so clean and comfortable we'll hardly know we are camping."

"Not exactly," laughed Martha, "because you have to run to your tent and get your own towel; also take care of it—which is more than you're used to doing, I know. But isn't it wonderfully well planned!" she added, admiringly as other girls too, gathered around to see the unexpected convenience Mr. Welles had planned for them.

A warning toot of the dinner horn stopped further talk and there was a mad rush for towels and soap and the camp made itself tidy for supper.

What the first meal lacked in convenience it made up for in fun and nobody even noticed the lack of plates—which were still unpacked,—of knives and forks.

"All the fewer dishes to wash, so we need not worry," said Betty, as Phil began a tactful apology.

"It's food, not frills, that pleases me," said Polly, as her turn in the bread line came and she was handed a paper napkin, a baked potato and a luscious chop fresh from the coals.

The girls sat "round" while the cook division passed salt and butter and tin spoons. Then potatoes were slipped open and the butter dropped inside and the eating began. To be sure there were butter sandwiches of wholesome bread, and cups full of fresh milk and baskets full of cookies and fruit but the potatoes and chops cooked on the new ovens were the main feature of the meal and every scrap was eaten.

After dinner the girls spent an idle

hour, chatting in the shade, gathering dainty clusters of daisies or exploring in the woods just back of the gravel lot. Then the call of the bugle brought them back to work again and the job of settling up camp was finished in fine style.

When Mr. Loring took the train back to the city at five-thirty, he had the satisfaction of knowing that every cot stood in its proper place, every pair of blankets was rolled in army fashion ready for instant use; every mosquito bar was up correctly and the kettle was boiling for an early supper.

The whole camp went up to the tiny station to see him off and gave him a parting cheer and an invitation to come again.

"Can you believe it?" asked Martha, as the girls sauntered back to camp, "can you believe that it's really us and we're here in these lovely woods and going to stay a whole week?"

"What are you doing, Margy?" demanded Peggy, before she could answer.

"Me?" asked Margy, innocently, as she more or less stood on her head in an effort to do something. "Oh, I'm just pinching myself to see if it's really true and myself says it is."

"Such comfort to be assured," laughed Nan, "Marg, you'll be the death of me yet! We'll never get to sleep to-night girls, if she's in the tent."

"Suppose we make her sleep outside?" suggested Leslie.

"You can't do it, you're scared to," taunted Margy, giggling. "I'll howl like an owl and yowl over the place till you beg me to come back!"

"Better take the worst and let her alone," advised Peggy. "If she gets loose she'd be getting Les and Tips into mischief and then we never will sleep!"

But the girls needn't have worried. The day's hard work, the plain, abundant food and the soft night air spoiled Margy's carefully laid plans. In a few minutes during which she pretended sleep, just after they got to bed, sleep really came and the next thing Miss Margy knew was the call of the bugle as it thrilled:

"I can't get 'em up!

I can't get 'em up!

I can't get 'em up in the morning!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Martha's Surprise

ARE we to do just whatever we want to all day, Miss Shaw?" asked Phyllis, the next morning as she hung the last clean tea towel in the bright sunshine. A glance to-

ward the orderly tents showed the morning work all done there and she knew that her own kitchen duties were over for a while.

"Yes, and no" replied Miss Shaw, laughingly. "I don't think it would be a lot of fun for each girl to do something by herself but I am sure we can easily find something you will all want to do."

"And don't forget what we were talking about last evening," said Martha, mysteriously. "This is a perfect day for it."

"Forget!" exclaimed Miss Shaw. "I can hardly wait till the right time!"

"Martha Harding!" exclaimed Nan, "if you know anything we don't know—"

"I'll keep it to myself!" interrupted Martha, teasingly. "So don't try to be a Paul Pry, for you'll never make me tell!"

"You'll all know at eleven, anyway," said Miss Shaw, comfortingly, "so why worry?"

"But that's two whole hours," mourned Polly, dolefully.

"I'll hold your hand or anything you like," suggested Margy "but I'd really rather hunt wild flower roots if you could spare the joy of my society."

"The very idea, Marg," said Betty. "I was going out for flower work and got so interested in camp I forgot. May we hunt 'round in the woods all we like, Miss Shaw?"

"Yes," replied Miss Shaw, who had already advised with Mr. Welles and knew what was best to do, "provided you stay on the Welles ground—and that means inside the wire fences that are set with concrete poles—you will be within bounds and all right. Don't go beyond these fences without special permission."

"But that means we can go over acres and acres," added Martha, by way of explanation, "because Uncle Art owns clear over to the—I mean quite a way." Martha interrupted herself and finished her sentence very lamely.

"Something tells me that you nearly told your secret them, Miss Harding," teased Peggy. "If this crowd stays around here any longer, the poor child won't have a shred of a secret left so I'm leaving."

"I'll go with all the girls who are going to study wild flowers," suggested Miss Gilbert. "Get your botany cases, girls, and let's go!" she added, and in two minutes a half a dozen girls, tin cases in hand, were exploring the woods west of camp.

"I'm going to take three pictures," announced Nan "and I'm going to

(Continued on page 27)



DISRAELI

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All Girl Scouts who are studying English history should go to see George Arliss in Disraeli.

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Beside the historical side to this picture, there are many amusing and entertaining scenes which are sure to be enjoyed by all.

THE ELVES' REBELLION

(Continued from page 19)

much! I hate to be disobliging, but your request is most unreasonable.

Accalon—You defy me? But you cannot defy me! Dagonet! Is this your doing?

Dagonet (speaking with a somewhat romantic inflection)—Stop, Accalon! Remember that Florinda wants this man. And what she wants, that she shall have.

Accalon—Dagonet, this is not your quarrel. (To Colin) Be a toad, I say! (Colin shakes his head)

Dagonet—It is my quarrel, for where I give my love I give my service too (smiles), and as a toad Colin would be useless to Florinda.

Accalon—Back! I say, or you shall feel my power.

Dagonet (throwing down his cap)—My gage is at your feet.

Accalon (giving his war cry)—Hola!

Dagonet—Hola! Hola!

(Re-enter elves, running, crying "Fight, Fight," and dragging in shepherdesses. They form a semi-circle behind Dagonet and Accalon with the King as Master-of-Ceremonies in the center. Dagonet and Accalon have a duel. Dance—in which they cast spells on each other amid cries of "well stopped," "good elf-Dagonet," etc., from the elves. Accalon is beaten and falls senseless. Dagonet, after standing a moment as victor, also sinks down exhausted. Florinda takes Dagonet's head in her arms.)

Florinda—Oh, but I could love you if you were a man!

Dagonet—Then, I'll be a man. But I must find some man to change with me.

Colin—Florinda! Don't you love me anymore?

Florinda—Colin, dear, I've always liked you but never well enough to marry you.

Colin—I knew it could never be me!—Well, if it's got to be somebody else, it had better be Dagonet here.

(Colin turns to King, then back to Florinda, stretches arms to Florinda, who is busy with Dagonet, and pays no attention, then turns back to King.)

Colin—I'll change with him.

King—Well spoken, so you shall. (To elves) But first, off wreathes! (Each elf takes a wreath from shepherdess. Shepherdesses look bewildered, no longer seeing or remembering elves.)

(Exeunt shepherdesses saying "Goodbye Colin and Florinda!" Elves laugh heartily.)

King—Now Dagonet and Colin.

The tune below is to be sung by Dagonet to the words commencing: "Lady, I Have Loved You Long"



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(Dagonet and Colin come and stand before King who places them in position and makes passes) Change! (Nothing happens. King makes more passes.) Change. (Nothing happens. King wipes his forehead.) I'm afraid I've forgotten how to do that particular spell. Titania would know, but as I can't very well ask her, I'll have to look it up—in the spelling book. In the meanwhile you four look after Accalon—put him to bed. (Four Elves pick up Accalon) And Dagonet, you'd better take your magic off him. (Dagonet bows) I'll meet you here again.

(Exeunt all—four elves carrying Accalon, and Colin and Florinda helping Dagonet U. R. Other elves follow King R.)

(Enter Queen, then fairies. All very tired.)

Queen—Come, sisters, first the dance.

(They dance, first quick then more

and more slowly and drop out, one by one, sinking wearily on the ground. The dance ends, the queen standing alone. Picture.)

Queen—What? Tired? Poor dears. Was the elves' work too hard for you?

Fairies—We only got half done and haven't touched our own.

Queen—Then, sisters, back to work.

(Fairies start to rise, then sink back wearily.)

Queen (Anxious)—Unless we go to work the elves have beaten us. (Queen goes to each fairy in turn calling some by name—Peaseblossom, Moth, Cobweb, Mustard-seed. Each refuses wearily. Queen sits down.)

Fairies—Excellency, we can do no more.

Queen—So! Then I fear we must surrender, but we'll make the best bargain we can.

(Continued on page 32)

THE CAMP AT GRAVEL POINT

(Continued from page 25)

hunt just the right scene and have the light as it should be, so don't anybody bother me."

"Good luck to you," said Jack, "I'm going to study signals. Did you ever see such a wonderful place for sending messages as that sharp point over there?" she added, as she pointed to the high bluff toward the east where the excavations for gravel had left a rugged, and very steep cliff called Gravel Point.

"That is a good place," agreed Polly. "I'll tell you what, I'll stay here and see if I can read what you signal and then you see if you can read back."

"Those plans all sound good," approved Miss Shaw. "Suppose we say each girl may work on something toward a proficiency badge until eleven o'clock. Then we will have a bugle call and meet here for Martha's surprise."

The next two hours were busy ones for every scout and the call of the bugle came before any girl had done all the work she had set for the morning. But work had to wait till another day. Everybody was eager to hear Martha's secret and so lost no time getting back to camp.

"Now, then," said Miss Shaw, when cameras, botany cases and flags had been stowed away in their proper places "I'll turn the camp over to Martha."

"Every girl into her bathing suit—five minutes allowed," commanded Martha.

"Bathing suit!" exclaimed Margy, "for the love of my pet poodle! My bathing suit's in Chicago."

"Why didn't you tell us, Martie," cried Jack. "I've a new one and I never even thought to bring it!"

"You'll find them on your beds," laughed Martha. "That is, if your mother sent the right ones. I sent out a package last week, supposed to contain an outfit for each girl."

"Now what do you think of that?" exclaimed Peggy.

"I think it's fun and mighty clever of Martie, too," said Nan, "but how we're going to take turns standing under that one small pipe for a 'swim' amazes me. Won't we look cute, though. However it'll be fun for the first time so here goes" and she made a lightning change from her uniform into her swimming suit.

When the girls had changed and were back in the center of camp again, Martha lined them up for marching and started west, through the woods.

The girls, tipped off by Nan, who

thought she saw through Martha's plan, laughed and joked about a water pipe swim and never once suspected the real treat till, running up a slight rise in the ground they suddenly came on to a tiny lake, rippling and sparkling in the hot sunshine.

"Real water!" exclaimed Peggy. "Martie, you darling! To think we can swim!" and without more ado, she dashed down the beach, into the water and was swimming off toward the middle of the lake.

The other girls lost no time following her and in a minute every girl was in the water. All had taken at least a few swimming lessons in the university tank that winter so each girl knew something about swimming, but not all were equally proficient. The seniors, who had three years' of lessons—one term each winter, headed for the diving stand and began showing off their favorite stunts while the younger girls were quite content to swim not too far from shore. All but Polly.

Polly went up to northern Wisconsin each summer and had learned along with her brothers about everything there is to know about swimming. She could swim above or below water, could dive several ways and float and swim supporting another to say nothing of other feats.

A little to the west of the diving stand was a great willow tree and the branches overhung the lake in graceful fashion. Dangling down from one of these branches, hung a heavy rope with a ring in the lower end.

Nan spied it and asked, "What's that for, Martie?"

"Oh, you climb up the tree, crawl down the rope and jump into the lake, of course," she laughed.

"Silly!" exclaimed Polly who was using her eyes; "you don't any such thing! You stand there on the high bank, grab the rope, swing out over the water and drop in. Is it deep enough to be safe?" For Polly knew enough about water to respect it and take no senseless risks.

"Plenty deep," answered Martha. "I know, because Uncle Art uses the rope to jump from. And see?" She swam over to the spot where a drop from the rope would land a swimmer and treading water, showed that the bottom couldn't be reached by her toes.

"Then here goes," said Polly. And grabbing the rope firmly in her left hand, she swung twice out over the water and then jumped! landing in the water with a fearful splash.

"Ugh, that is fun!" she exclaimed when she got the water out of her

eyes a second later, "here goes again!"

"That's not my style," said Betty, with a shiver. "I'd no more jump from that old rope than I'd try to fly. I'm going to find something else to do."

"See that old log over there?" suggested Peggy. "Let's get it and float on it through the water." Around the tiny bay toward the east the two girls raced. It was hard work getting the great old log into the water, but once afloat it was no trouble at all to push it out into deep water and to swim along beside it.

"Oh look!" exclaimed Jack, when she saw Peggy's idea, "let's get one, too, Phil! There's another log over there!"

But Phil and Jack didn't swim by their log. They decided to be aboriginal savages and ride the log a-straddle, paddling to make their way over the lake. This worked very well, though it was rather, what one might call, "tippy" traveling.

"Come on, girls, let's all get logs," suggested Martha, "there's a lot of them down there and then we can race!"

"We'll challenge the whole lot of you," cried Phil "we can—Jack, sit still!" she interrupted herself, "I'm falling off."

"Sit still yourself," retorted Jack, "I was just a-rolling a log."

"Well, you'll have to announce when you roll it," said Phyllis; "now, all together, get set—go! Now we're off."

"You paddle left and I'll do right," suggested Jacqueline.

"No, let's both do both hands," said Phyllis, "that's evenner. Look at those girls?" she added, as Martha and Nan, who had mounted a great log and were riding out toward the center of the lake, suddenly the thing turning turtle under them, slipping them both off into the lake.

It was a funny sight to see the pairs of girls, only heads and shoulders showing above the water, paddling about in a desperate effort to make a race.

Nan longed for her camera and resolved that the next day, she would bring it along and get a picture even if she did have to point the camera south in the attempt!

The laughing shouts of the girls brought an audience of small boys and girls who made a daily habit of coming from the village a mile away, for a swim. They gathered at the north end of the lake, near the diving stand and the rope; from which point of vantage they shouted directions to the girls and applauded



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each time a pair of paddlers got a ducking.

Peggy and Betty were going neck and neck with Phyllis and Jack for the honor of winning when a violent splash near the diving stand made each girl look up.

"Who dived then?" called Martha.

"Just one of those youngsters," said her team mate, Nan; "must have dived off the rope—see how it's swinging? Steady, Martie! If those girls get another ducking, we'll have a chance to win!"

"But look at that youngster?" said Martha, and she stopped paddling and watched the boy who had jumped in from the rope. "See how he's holding up his hands and gasping."

"Silly!" exclaimed Nan, more than half provoked at Martha, "don't you suppose he'd call if he wanted help? Anyway, boys can always swim."

"Well, that one doesn't seem to be able to and I know something is wrong," said Martha, and made for the north shore with her fastest breast stroke.

Martha swam closer and closer and just as Miss Shaw noticed her, the boy, near the swimmer, dropped out of sight. Something surely was wrong, but why hadn't the child cried out?

Martha, keeping her thoughts very steady, for now that she had a glimpse of the boy's face just before he went down she knew that something was very wrong though she couldn't guess the reason for the boy's silence, swam right to the spot where she last saw him. Then, diving, she caught the boy's hair and pulled him to the surface.

An insane fear shone in the child's eyes and made them fairly glitter, but he said not a word. Instead of the scream Martha expected he gripped her neck in a choking grip that took her breath. Instantly she laid her right hand over his mouth, holding his nose between her two fingers. Then, treading water all the while, she took a quick breath and with her right knee, kicked vigorously at the boy's stomach. This had the desired effect of making him lose his breath, so he couldn't help but relax; in this way she got the use of her arms and held his face above water.

From then it was only the work of two or three minutes to swim with the child to the shore so very close at hand.

All of this took less time than is needed to read about it, and almost

before the racers realized that something was wrong, Martha, with Miss Shaw's quickly given help, had the boy on the beach where his gasping showed that he would soon be all right. He hadn't been in the water long enough to need real First Aid—fright was the worst thing, that was plain.

Miss Shaw patted him on the back and said, "You'll be all right now in a minute, son; didn't you know how to swim?"

No answer.

"I just got you out in time," said Martha hoping by a laughing word to restore his lost self confidence.

No answer.

"Well, it's a good thing for you that the Girl Scouts went swimming today," said Miss Gilbert, as the racers, race quite forgotten, paddled or swam toward the north shore.

Still no answer.

Miss Shaw was much puzzled, especially as the boy seemed all right.

But before she could question him longer, a woman came running around the bend in the road.

"Oh, he's all right! He's all right!" she exclaimed thankfully.

A few quick words between her and Miss Shaw explained the whole thing. The family were visiting kin-folk in the village and the boy had come, with his cousin, for a swim. He knew how, fairly well, but doubtless, the shock of jumping from the rope had frightened him so he didn't know just what to do.

"Susy came running for me saying that Johnny was drowned," exclaimed the poor mother, "and well he might be," she added, "because he couldn't call for help—he can't speak or hear."

"Oh," said Martha, "that's why he didn't call."

"That's why," repeated the mother, "and if you hadn't just happened to watch and notice—"

"But I did notice," said Martha, reassuringly, "and we'll notice every day we come to swim. That's a good thing for Scouts to remember—notice how a person acts and don't depend entirely on cries. Well, who won the race?"

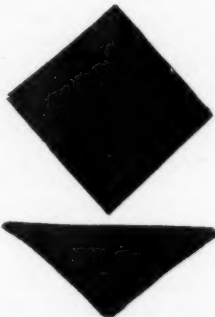
"That will have to be decided tomorrow," said Miss Shaw. "If we don't start home soon, it will be a dinnerless camp we'll have."

"That won't please me," said Peggy, firmly, "I could eat a whole ham."

"Then, let's hit the trail," suggested Phyllis, and the march of dripping swimmers headed toward camp.

(To be continued)

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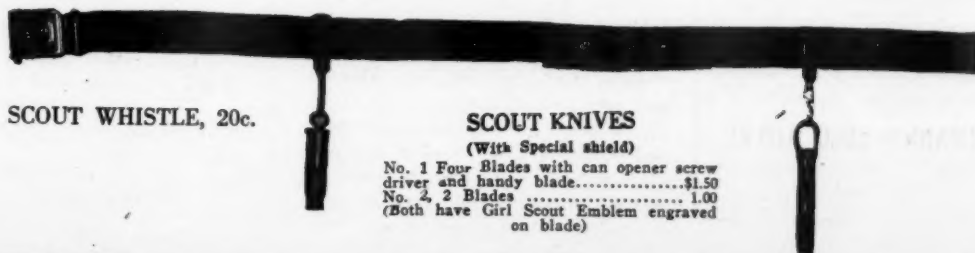


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THE PLAY'S THE THING

(Continued from page 13)

had finished our play and were all talking at once, and getting ready to eat the spread Maudie had thoughtfully provided for our fortunate guests, and I guess perhaps we forgot to be quiet, for suddenly there was a heavy rap upon our portal. Then a voice—not Adeline Thurston's, but Sister Edna's—said, "Open the door."

For a second not one of us breathed. Then, without a sound, Mabel Muriel Murphy got flat on her stomach and crawled under the bed, and Mabel Blossom, Kittie James, Adeline Thurston, and I hurriedly followed her. The rest would fain have accompanied us, but only five can hide under one bed at the same time, so Kittie kicked out to show them there was no more room. Then five of the rest crowded into Maudie's closet, and the others got under the divan. All this time Maudie was gathering up the stage-setting and the clothes and things, and she threw them into a corner and dropped a big rug on top of them. Then she took a copy of *Thomas a Kempis* in her lily-white hand, and opened the door and tried to look surprised and delighted to see Sister Edna.

Sister Edna came right in. I think, from the sound of the footsteps that she was puzzled. They were slow and hesitating, as if she was looking around and expecting to see someone, but of course she didn't. It wasn't a bit comfortable under that bed, with Kittie James's foot on my chest—for we didn't have time to crawl under with the same ends of us all one way; and I told Maudie the next day that the lay sister who swept her room had left lots of dust under the bed just where my nose was.

Sister Edna asked Maudie if she wasn't up late, and Maudie said that she was, but that she felt the need of rest and would go to bed at once. It wasn't very polite, of course, but she did want Sister Edna to leave before our feet showed! But Sister Edna sat right down, and Maudie said her knees gave way under her then, so she had to sit down, too. In her excitement she asked Sister if she couldn't make her a cup of chocolate, and Sister Edna smiled very sweetly and declined, but Maudie said she looked amused, too. There was a heavy silence for a moment, and suddenly Sister said it was not pleasant for her to intrude, but was Maudie alone? And Maudie said

that she was not, but wouldn't Sister Edna let her take the responsibility for all and not ask the names of her friends?

Of course we could not have that, so Mabel Blossom and Kittie James and I began to emerge as it were—different parts of us; stockings first in some cases and heads in others. But Mabel Muriel Murphy lay under the bed still, with her white young face against the wall, for it was indeed bitter to her to be caught in this position by her beloved Sister Edna. At last she rolled out, though, very dusty and red, and with her hair hanging down her back like Mary Magdalen's. She was wearing her white robe, the one she wore when Cleopatra finally died, and she had her nasty little rubber asp in her hand, because Maudie had finally got used to it. Sister Edna gave her one long look and then she looked at the rest of us, and at last she said quietly,

"I suppose I may infer that this festivity will end?"

We all answered very earnestly that she might, and Maudie added,

"I will explain everything to you and Sister Irmingarde in the morning, Sister, if you will listen."

Sister Edna bowed and said "Good-night," and went away, leaving a sad, sad scene of buried hopes behind her, as the gentle reader must know.

We didn't stop to talk it over. We just faded away to our own rooms like the Arab does with his tent, and tossed upon our couches till the glorious orb of day smiled in upon our pallid young faces. After we had our baths and our breakfasts we felt a little better and we went to Sister Irmingarde in a body and told her the whole story—except, of course, we didn't mention the girls under the couch and in the closet. We thought it useless to make our narrative even sadder than it was.

Sister Irmingarde didn't say much. We told her all about the play and the changes we had made, and two or three times she left us and walked to the window and stood with her back to us. She seemed to be nervous. When I asked her if she would like to read our play, she hesitated a moment and then said no, but she added words that made our young hearts swell. The gentle reader may not believe this, but it is true, and I will put it in a paragraph all by itself to make it more important:

Sister Irmingarde said she feared that if she read our play her enjoyment of Shakespeare might never again be the same!

Those were indeed her words.

THE END.

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HAWAII

We arrived at camp at 11:30 a.m. on Monday, April 4, 1921; we had our lunch and settled ourselves in camp. There were six troops represented: Seven of Red Rose from Kapahulu Mission, thirteen of Maile from Maemae School, fifteen of Pansy from Central Grammar School, three of Palama, six of Lehai, and eight of Clover Leaf from the Priory.

The first call was at 6:00 a.m. At 6:30 came reveille and roll call, which several times meant getting the slow ones out of bed. Then followed setting up exercises in loose clothing. Breakfast came at 7:15 and all lined up and marched in to mess in order. At 7:45 blankets were out and all were inspected at 8:20 by the director. Then followed drilling for twenty minutes, after which we had Scouting of some kind for three hours.

The aim of the camp was to have educational things every morning. On Tuesday, we had signalling for one hour, afterwards group practicing. On Wednesday, we visited the mill at Waialua, very carefully inspecting how sugar was made and then enjoyed the cane and molasses to which we were treated. Thursday we had First Aide and a hike to Haleiwa Hotel. Friday, we had signalling and First Aide again.

Our dinner was ready at 12. We rested from 12:30 until 1:30. From 1:30 until 4 we had hikes and sports.

At four we had an afternoon bath, which would be in the form of a swim. The girls, however, were allowed to swim in the morning when life guards could be present. At five we had retreat and the Scout Ceremony of the Promise and Laws. At 5:30 we had supper and at 7:30 a program.

At nine all sang tatoo and between nine and nine-thirty the director and executive visited every house, every night, to tuck everybody in and incidentally to see that all were in the right beds. At nine-thirty lights were out.

ATTENTION

Troops in New York City and Vicinity

During Girl Scout Thrift Week there will be a parade down Fifth Avenue on Saturday, the 22 of October. All troops in the city or vicinity are invited to march and make this parade the biggest one we've had. Parade starts from 189 Lexington Avenue at 1:30. Notify Mrs. Frederick Edey, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York that you will help out!

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THE ELVE'S REBELLION

(Continued from page 26)

(Enter elves, Colin, Florinda, King, Dagonet. As they enter the fairies mass behind Queen at left of stage.)

Dagonet—Sire, what said the book?

King—Both King and Queen are needed for the spell—so pass the word along. (Dagonet whispers to other elves. King and Queen advance slightly from their respective groups. Fairies chant in a slow staccato.)

Bow, bow to her ex-cell-en-cy Ornament of the Pres-i-den-cy Mark her words and you will then see

She's illustrious.
We're industrious
Foolish striking
S'not to her liking
Show her proper pen-i-ten-cy.

Queen—Have you come to resume obedience and to beg mercy from your outraged mistress?

King—I have not. I know your power. You have learned mine. Perhaps we can now come to some agreement.

Elves and fairies (together, very quick, almost breathless. Last line is staccato)—

The united population
Of our famous fairy nation
Hears with hearty acclamation
That you seek conciliation.
Any further conversation,
Declaration—Explanation—
We await with expectation.

Queen—One thing I will never agree to—a flying delegate shall never be greater than the queen!

Elves (chant angrily)—
Our mighty el-fin flying delegate
To the background you'll not relegate

We're a majority
Your authority
Has no power
From this hour.

King we hail, our flying delegate.

(Cheers and excitement.)

King (smiling complacently)—
Perhaps that is the best way out. Let me be King again and you my Queen. Everything else shall be as it was before we became democrats, and amnesty for everybody. Yes, that solution will please all our subjects.

Queen—If I consent, can I have real birthday presents again?

King—Most assuredly.

(Elves and fairies together, in one breath if possible)

Heed, oh heed, our exhortation
For there's been so much tarnation
Botheration in relation
To our striking imitation,
That we greet its dissipation—
It's cessation, with elation,
And with great exhilaration



Good things are waiting for you here. Read carefully.

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If so—why not tell your mother about the—

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PAT. APPLIED FOR—REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Your National Headquarters especially recommends it for school and gymnasium work. It will enable you to make a splendid record attendance at gym—with no demerit marks for tardiness.

It is the only skirt and bloomer made in one on the market, and when converted is not only beautiful but practical and modest. STEPINETTE is made in all sizes from six years up.



No. 1. "Stepinette" dress consisting of blouse, skirt and bloomer in one piece. Made in navy, copen, khaki jean; also in serge and gingham, with or without braid on collar and cuffs.



No. 2. Same "Stepinette" dress as shown in No. 1, converted is appropriate for tennis, basketball, bicycle and all in and outdoor activities.

SPECIAL PRICE

In order to introduce this garment to the Girl Scouts, we are making a very low rate to them (as shown below), in our Better Quality goods.

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No. 1209—Khaki, navy, copen Jeans.....\$5.50

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THE
AMERICAN GIRL

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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor

ARCADIA

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CONNECTICUT

We extend an invitation
To creation of a nation!
And de-democratization!
(Queen yields, offers hand. King
and Queen advance, take both hands,
center, chorus cheers.)

King—And now, Titania, I have a boon to ask.

Queen—It's granted Oberon.

King—I need your magic for Dagonet and Colin here who wish to exchange their positions in society.

Queen—Willingly.

(Dance — Dagonet and Colin change from elf to man, the change being marked in exchanging clothes. Dagonet's last act as an elf is to remove wreath from Florinda. When the dance is finished Dagonet and Florinda no longer see elves. In the center of the stage Dagonet sings (last quatrain) his song to Florinda, and they go off together R slowly. Elves and fairies in finale pair off and leave stage in procession L, led by King and Queen. Colin starts to follow, hesitates, turns in direction taken by Florinda and Dagonet, stretches out his arms, then turns and follows after the fairies.)

THE END

MANHATTAN, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles S. Swords and Mrs. Eugene Clapp, district leaders of the Girl Scouts, staged a rally in the 7th Regiment Armory recently. One of the most interesting exhibitions was the drilling of the deaf and dumb troop. These little Scouts went through the setting-up exercises, signal drill and First Aid without the usual deaf and dumb sign language. Orders were spoken by their captain, Rose Gibian, and the troop showed their ability to read lips by the quick way they responded.

The troops were reviewed by Captain Tillinghast, of the Knickerbocker Greys.

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Skirts, Extra	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	2.25	2.25	2.25
Bloomers	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75

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Size 38 to 42..... 7.00

READY TO SEW
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Size 38 to 42..... 5.00

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\$1.50

HEAD	all sizes	SIZE
20 3/4 in.	6 3/4
21 1/4 "	6 7/8
21 1/2 "	7
22 "	7 1/4
22 3/4 "	7 1/2
23 "	7 3/4
23 1/4 "	7 7/8
23 1/2 "	8
23 3/4 "	8 1/4
24 "	8 1/2
24 1/4 "	8 3/4
24 1/2 "	8 7/8
24 3/4 "	9

Official Price List of Flags

AMERICAN FLAGS

SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE
2x3 ft.	Wool (Size used with small Troop Flag) ...	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8 1/2 inches,	U. S. Gov. Size.....	4.50

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DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.....	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.....	3.40
Flag Carrier	2.50

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SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE EACH	PRICE FOR LETTERING
22x36 in.	Cotton and Wool.....	\$2.50	10c per letter
2 1/2 x4 ft.	Wool	6.35	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Cotton and Wool.....	5.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	7.35	15c " "
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